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Bandung

IN JAVA



A BALINESE GIRL

IN JAVA

*AND THE NEIGHBORING ISLANDS OF THE
DUTCH EAST INDIES*

BY
JOHN C. VAN DYKE

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERT," "THE OVAL SEA," "THE MOUNTAIN,"
"THE MEADOWS," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE

THESE sketches and studies, made during a winter and spring in the Dutch East Indies, pretend to nothing more than a point of view. I mean by that that I have put down what I have seen rather than what I have heard. I dare say I have sometimes seen by the bent ray instead of the straight ray, that I have at times seen too much or too little or not at all, but all that goes to the making of an angle of vision and, with the personal equation, may be taken for what it is worth.

I am explaining, not apologizing. The difficulties of telling the truth, even when you know it, are more familiar to writers than to readers. The people in the pews always think they can preach a better sermon than the minister in the pulpit. Let them try. There have been a hundred sermons in book form about Java. They are almost all of them negligible. That would seem to prove my point. The writers wanted to tell the truth and

PREFACE

carry conviction, but their eyes or ears or language failed them. Come to Java and see this tropical garden with its many millions and its countless problems and you will understand why they failed.

And that is perhaps reason enough for my taking merely bits here and there, minimizing the difficulties, it may be, by confining my efforts to things seen. This is a painter's paradise and I have tried to suggest some of its beauties in a series of word sketches that have some sequence but are not the whole story by any means. History I have not touched, nor have I planned to tell the Dutch administration how to manage the East Indian colonies, nor the native in Java how to grow rice, nor the globe-trotting tourist how to "do" the Malay Archipelago in a week. I am telling the traveller merely what I have seen and admired in Java and the neighboring islands.

That brings me back to where I started—to a point of view. But let the traveller come to Java with his own point of view. The island can be seen from a thousand angles, and every one of them true, interesting and beautiful. For Java is a garden of beauty above and beyond any other spot in

PREFACE

the tropics. It is almost useless to attempt its description, for both pen and brush fail. And in the final analysis a book or a picture, good or bad, is little more than advertisement of some indescribable original.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

BATAVIA,
April 21, 1908.

CONTENTS

PREFACE	Page vii
-------------------	----------

PART I. THE APPROACH

SEA ROUTES—FLIGHTS AND FANCIES—PORPOISES— —COAST LINES—REEFS AND ISLANDS—THE CORAL SEA—LIGHT AND COLOR—THURSDAY ISLAND— ISLAND BIRDS—THE ARAFURA SEA—THE FRIGATE BIRD—THE DOLDRUMS—TIMOR, FLORES, SOEM- BAWA—LOMBOK—AMFENAN—LABOEAN TRING	Page 1
--	--------

PART II. CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

THE BUSINESS—MAKASSAR—THE CHINESE— TRADER TYPES—GEM DEALERS—THE HINDU— THE NATIVE—SUNSET—BORNEO—DONGGOLA— COASTING—ISLANDS—MINAHASA UPLANDS— MOUNTAIN SCENERY—MENADO—STRAITS OF BANKA—THE MOLUCCAS—TERNATE—TRAFFIC— PASSENGERS ON—BETWEEN DECKS—CLASSES— LITTLE PORTS—KOTA BOENA—CORONTALD—A NORTHERN TOWN—PROSPERITY—TRIBES AND TRAITS—COPRA BARGAINING—BOAT LANDINGS— JUNGLE ECHOES—CROCODILES AND SHARKS—THE KILLER—THE WALLACE LINE—ORANGS—POSSO- PARIQI—MOUNTAIN TIMBER—INCIDENTS—THE RAJAH OF TINOMBO—CROP AND FOOD PROBLEMS— WILD GROWTHS—ARENAS—WOMEN OF BANK— MORE ISLANDS	Page 45
--	---------

CONTENTS

PART III. BALI

EAST OF BALI—APPROACH TO BALI—BOELELENG
AND THE ROAD—TEMPLES—RICE TERRACES—
BEAUTY OF THE BALINESE—THE STATUESQUE
FIGURE—GIANJAR—VOLCANOES—THE SENGIT
TEMPLE—CREMATION Page 155

PART IV. JAVA

SOERABAYA—THE DUTCH IN JAVA—THE NATIVE—
QUARTERS—IMPROVED QUARTERS—MONSOON—
RAIN—ROADS AND FIELDS—HOMES AND LANDS—
RIVERS—BATHERS—MALANG—BAMBOO—MOUN-
TAINS—EN ROUTE TO DJOKJAKARTA—DJOKJA-
KARTA—COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS—BORO BOEDDOER
—MENDOET AND PAWON—KALASAN—SARI MON-
ASTERY—PRAMBANAN—SEWOG—THE WATER
CASTLE—THE GAREBEO PORASA—PLAY AND
DANCE—GARDET—KAMPLANG—VOLCANOES—
CLOUDS—TREES AND FLOWERS—MORE RICE—
BIRDS—BANDOENG—THE PASSING THROUGH—
PREANGER—BUITENZORG—THE BOTANICAL GAR-
DEN—BOTANICAL LATIN—PARASITES—INTELLI-
GENCE OF PLANTS—BLOSSOM AND FLOWER—MU-
SEUMS—STREETS AND MARKETS—CHINESE AND
NATIVE—BUITENZORG TYPES—THE DUTCH—
BATAVIA—WELTEVREDEN—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—
NATIONALITIES—JAVA THE BEAUTIFUL—SARANG
Page 187

PART I
THE APPROACH

IN JAVA

SEA ROUTES

THE route usually followed in approaching the Dutch East Indies is from Singapore at the north or Australia at the south. The Singapore route is the more direct but the less interesting because it is largely open sea. You do not pass near enough islands or mainlands to see them except as a misty indefiniteness trailing along the horizon. The approach from Australia, on the contrary, is by mountainous shores, inside of barrier reefs, and through a thousand islands. When finally you come up to the Dutch possessions you pass close to Timor, Soembawa, and Lombok—beautiful islands lying to the east of Java that are not usually seen by the traveller who trips down and back from Singapore. Moreover, you pass through seas whose holding cups have been shaken many times by earthquakes and whose waters have reflected the fires of many volcanoes. You get a foresight of Java to the west from the sky lines of Flores and Bali in the east.

If you are voyaging down the Pacific to Australia from North America a great show of vol-

IN JAVA

canism comes to you in Hawaii, and some lesser manifestations in Samoa, Fiji, and Tahiti. They are all of them islands underbased in sedimentary rock but now overrun with lava—mountains of the sea with protruding tops that have known volcanic eruption. They are merely isolated outliers compared with the volcanic ranges of Island-India, but they are a hint—a strong hint not only of smothered fire and fury but also of full-blown and splendid beauty. One goes to Java not so much to see the fifty volcanoes there as to see the wonderful life made possible by volcanic soil, combined with tropical light and moisture. It is well enough to know that we are moving under the lee of volcanoes, but the flowers by the wayside, the palms and bamboos overhead, the colorful life around and about, are more interesting.

There are, of course, some disillusionments on the way. For example, you find the name of the Pacific somewhat misleading. Along the sheltered shores of the Americas the ocean lies flat, and on either side of the equator there is a region of calms known as "the doldrums," but over toward Japan or down toward Australia you may have plenty of rough water. That portion of the Pacific lying

THE APPROACH

along the edge of the great South Sea has unusual weather conditions. The tempests of the south pole that continually rage are not interrupted by land areas and are always pushing northward. Coming across the Tasman Sea that lies between New Zealand and Australia, these storms often give no time for the barometer to drop or the sailor to take in sail. In a few moments the wind perhaps has swung around and a gusty "southerly" has whipped the sea into white caps. It blows at first in sharp recurrent squalls of gale force. Moreover, it blows with the cold breath of the Antarctic, the temperature falling from 100° F. to 65° F. in half an hour. If you have come from New York and are familiar with the cold waves that drive in there from the west this will remind you of home.

There is said to be "a smooth inside passage" up the East Coast of Australia, a flat sea behind the Great Barrier Reef. But your steamer out from Sydney will not reach the reef for three or four days. You and your fellow-passengers will have time enough to see rough water. But it does not always run rough. You may have a sky of lapis-lazuli and a sea of glass all the way up. In any event, there is no necessity for suicide. The west

IN JAVA

coast of the Pacific is much better than the west coast of the Atlantic. And yet it is the ocean, and calling it the Pacific does not make it so.

FLIGHTS AND FANCIES

Sydney harbor is said to be the one-and-only-finest harbor in the world and, as a matter of fact, with its many bays and rocky shores, it is a harbor of extraordinary beauty. But your ship turns its back upon it, and the gulls follow you seaward, and the green water turns to blue water, and presently you are out of sight of land, with the ship pitching and the cabin partitions creeping. The sooty robber gulls hang on behind, and soon a pair of albatrosses joins the pack from some unknown quarter.

They are true wandering albatrosses with white bodies and dark wings. And how they can sail with those dark wings stiff spread in a quarter circle with the points bent downward! They seem more at ease, with more wing power and skill in utilizing it, than any other sea bird, not excepting their cousins the fulmars or the shearwaters. There will be many blue moons before the airplane will equal that sinking, soaring sailer of the

THE APPROACH

seas. Which suggests that this pair of albatrosses is passing backward and forward over the steamer's green-churned wake against a setting sun that is going down not in gold and crimson but in pale blue and silver-white. There is nothing very summer-like about that. It is not even warm, this December evening thirty-two degrees south of the equator.

The morning is no warmer. A white dawn unfolds as pallid as a snowdrop with white patch-clouds and the very palest of blue skies. The ship is steaming up the coast and the green water has returned with a flattened surface. Churned by the propeller it leaves a pale-green trail far behind, across which the gulls and the albatrosses are continually weaving, looking for food thrown out from the ship. Once more the wonder of flight! The wings of the albatross seem motionless and yet the power with which the bird sweeps up from the sea, swings along a wave crest, or wheels down the wind is so commanding, so astonishing! How does he manage to gather under his wings the energy of the winds and convert it instantly into a propelling force? Yes, I know he does it. But how?

Up at the bow of the ship there is more mys-

IN JAVA

tery of flight. The flying-fish—green, yellow and blue-backed, even red-backed, and with silver sides—keep rising before the shoulder of the ship and skimming away at right angles into safer water. They glide like an aeroplane with fin-wings that are stiff set and yet tremble or shiver slightly. The flight swings up or down or to the side and is not necessarily straight ahead like an arrow. The fish is more resourceful than the aeroplane and never collapses in a tail spin. In fact, it is the tail spin in the water that sends the fish into the air, and, in the flight, the tail is carried with a downward curve so that in descending it will strike the water first. Again and again the tail touches the water and with a vigorous twist sends the flier into the air once more, perhaps in a different direction. Thus darting and gliding at varied angles the fish may fly for several hundred yards in eluding some enemy following in the water under him. He seems beset with enemies not only in the water but in the air. The booby is always watching for his appearance and is very proficient in catching the flier in the air. A very nimble fish and defensively very well equipped. But not enough so. Eventually the enemy above or below gets him.

THE APPROACH

PORPOISES

Now there is still another flight at the bow of the ship that has more mystery about it than the flight of either the albatross or the flying-fish. Few travellers ever see it and yet this morning it has been going on for several hours. I refer to the porpoises (or dolphins) travelling just ahead of the ship's cutwater, moving backward and forward across the cutwater and rubbing their backs against it. Evidently some sort of barnacle-like pest gets into their hides and makes scratching attractive, for they keep turning and twisting under the forefoot until from the back fin to the tail end they are sometimes rubbed quite white. Frequently ten or a dozen of the porpoises will race along together, taking turns at the cutwater. But they are never overturned by being struck by the ship, nor do they ever run into each other. There are baby porpoises not more than two feet long that are just as swift, just as expert as their elders. Each one of these sticks by the side of his mother, veers as she veers, and apparently has known every porpoise trick of flight since the day of his birth.

IN JAVA

They are all beautifully equipped and run neck and neck like race horses.

But the mystery lies in their flight through the water. The ship is going twelve or fifteen miles an hour with some vibration, churning and pitching, but the porpoises are going at the same speed without the slightest perceptible motion of fin or tail. Standing at the ship's bow you can look down upon their olive-green backs and see them turn up a silver side or plunge out of water for breath, but you cannot see any undulation of body up or down, or to the side, or any quiver of tail or fin. Occasionally they will roll like a seal or give two or three strokes of the flat tail if they wish to shoot ahead, but for some minutes they will apparently lie on an even keel without effort of any kind and yet be going ahead as fast as the ship.

Of course, the porpoise with his small head and snout and his oily skin is divinely built for slipping through water, but nevertheless there is some friction which must be overcome by a propelling force. Yet there is no visible sign of the force. When he goes thirty miles an hour, as he is capable of doing, he uses both fin and tail, but how can he go fifteen miles an hour by merely gliding—glid-

THE APPROACH

ing not through thin air but through thick water? My only explanation is that perhaps his slow weaving motion gives him a side-push on the water out of which he gets momentum.

COAST LINES

The East Coast of Australia is rocky, with alternating arena beaches of white sand and rounded hills, sometimes bare and sometimes with timbered tops. There are outlying islands where great white breakers fling their crests far up the outer walls, where colonies of sea birds gather, and where, perhaps for thousands of years, the cormorants, gannets, frigate birds, boobies and robber gulls have been bickering and fighting with one another to no end or purpose. Sometimes from island to island runs a sunken reef, the presence of which is made apparent by the curl and break of white waves in a long line or perhaps merely a yellow-green streak visible on the surface. The water is of a dark green hue indicative of shallow soundings. Above the rocky coast the sun goes down in a sky that is usually grayish yellow though overhead it may be a pallid baby-blue. Occasionally from a grass-grown hill there is a golden-yellow note sugges-

IN JAVA

tive of the tropics. We are growing warmer in both color and air but are still a long way from the red glow of equatorial skies.

The night is still, the sea calm, the sky clear and studded with thousands of brilliant stars. Toward morning a warm wind comes puffing in from the north. White heap-clouds begin forming along the horizon and lifting great spectral arms and fingers up toward the zenith. In the moonlight they look ghostly. Jupiter is drifting down in the west, the great star Canopus is almost overhead and above the southeast is the Southern Cross that Australians and New Zealanders love to claim for their very own. The cross part of it is not very obvious and the constellation itself is so lacking in brilliancy that the stranger from the north needs to have it pointed out to him.

REEFS AND ISLANDS

For two days the ship has been slipping through vast fields of spawn thrown off by minute forms of sea life. It looks like sand floating on the surface of the sea and when flashed by sunbeams glitters like gold dust. Occasionally and in spots appears amidst the gold a beautiful golden-green--another

THE APPROACH

spawn of animalcula lodged a few feet under the surface and streaming with the swaying tide like enormous marcs-tails. In places and in long lanes the surface spawn makes a thick scum that cannot be seen through. It is like mucous and coagulates. The fish live upon it, and the petrels, gulls and terns hover above it living on the fish. The sea is still producing life as in the beginning—producing it for destruction.

This great green-and-gold surface is broken into here and there by tracks—fish tracks, if you please! A zigzag line perhaps indicates where a flying-fish has risen through it or the back fin of a shark has been weaving. An undulating line may have been made by a sea snake, and a splashed and broken surface suggests some savage conflict among big fishes. Then there are long tracks of huge pancake-like form, almost like the footprints of a grizzly bear, that one can only guess at. Fish tracks on the sea surface not unlike animal tracks in the snow! Who ever imagined that a shark or a porpoise could leave a trail on the water!

In two months this green-gold surface will change to something more animated, and the ship passing through it will leave behind a bright flash-

IN JAVA

ing wake. The animalcula will have become more mature and developed fear. The churn of the propeller, the wash of the ship, will cause them to emit light and perhaps for the moment drop into deeper water. Their time of disappearance will be near and a month later the ship coming through this same way will meet with only clear sea water. The golden spawn and the white light of fear will have passed into another and perhaps more complete form.

The Ancient Mariner at the wheel insists that this gold dust of the sea surface comes from the coral reef that lies seaward from the ship—the Great Barrier Reef that runs for hundreds of miles up the East Coast and between which and the shore lies the steamer lane. At the southern entrance of the lane the reef and the shore are a hundred miles apart but the distance narrows as the ship moves northward until the lane is not more than a mile wide. The reef is of coral formation and in places projects above the water from six to ten feet, dependent upon the tide. In other places it is below the surface and is made known by the color of the water or the curl and break of waves above it.

The islands along the shore, appearing not by

THE APPROACH

dozens but by hundreds, are hard kernels of rock that were originally parts of the shore but were long ago cut off from it and to-day stand isolated. The little ones are usually barren of foliage—in fact, merely bare rocks projecting above the surface and in size as large as a house or as long as a street of houses. The larger ones may be from a mile to five miles in length, with abrupt walls, slopes covered with grass or brush, and tops that are timber-clad. The projecting promontories of bare rock are ideal nesting places for sea birds because of their isolation, and fascinating spots for man's exploration because no one has been there. Each one of them is a Robinson Crusoe island. There are probably no footprints of savages in the sands along their beaches but there might be signs or sounds of goats or parrots. And this sea is the home of many sea serpents that are occasionally seen on the surface of the water, true enough serpents though only six or eight feet long. I am not sure that the islands are not the lairs of the great sea serpents that the sailor people have seen, in fancy, at least.

Islands and still more islands! Not hundreds now but thousands of them. A companion at my

IN JAVA

elbow with a lively imagination sees some of them as suggestions of animal life. This one looks like a stranded whale, that one like a kneeling camel, and the abrupt one far away is a Buddha seated on an open lotus. I cannot follow his fancies but have ones of my own that he does not follow. These islands lying off to the east in a silver haze, and reflecting a gold and violet west, are to me mysteries of color and light—resplendent high lights upon an amethystine sea fast shifting into violet. Their pure pictorial glory is sufficient without appeal to the human or animal interest. They are part of the wonder of this "faery land forlorn" which is gradually unfolding and growing more beautiful as the ship moves and the suns come and go.

THE CORAL SEA

Not inappropriate that pretty name, the Coral Sea! Its shores and reefs and sunken islands are overlaid with precious patterns of red, white and blue coral that apparently, if not in reality, lend a tinge and tone to the sea. It is an ideal sea in its rippling beauty, a poetic romantic sea in its remoteness from the civilized world.

THE APPROACH

Of course, this sea bed was laid down, or heaved up, long time before the zoophytes began building up reefs in stems and branches of coral. The work of the tiny toiler was merely a surface deposit upon a foundation that had existed for unknown millenniums.* The East Coast mountains of Australia are very old, well rounded, much worn down; and the bed of the Coral Sea is perhaps a great depressed plain with the tops of a low range of mountains still standing above the water as rocky islands. A lively fancy might postulate that at one time an enormous river flowed down from the mountains of New Guinea or beyond, that its right bank is the present East Coast of Australia, its left bank the Great Barrier Reef and its former channel the present steamer lane inside the reef. The lane widens as it descends and the Barrier Reef trails away seaward as though it were at one time connected with New Caledonia.

But the Coral Sea is not always romantic or poetic or mysterious. Its reefs have very real teeth that have torn the bottom out of many a stout ship. The Ancient Mariner tells me of a steamer here in the lane, in a thick rain and out of her course, going

*It is now questioned that coral is produced in this way.

IN JAVA

over a narrow reef at full speed and the steel plates of the bottom being ripped and rolled and buckled back the whole length of her and she plunging on and over into deep water and disappearing bow first, with the whole ship's company to a man. How he knew the particulars with neither ship nor crew surviving to tell the tale I did not ask.

Moreover, this Coral Sea has tremendous potentialities in storm. Occasionally a cyclone rushes across it with a wind strong enough to twist the sticks out of a schooner and cause an ocean liner to turn turtle.* The air currents over the sea are in continuous conflict. The cold of the south and the heat of the north are seeking readjustment and the northeast trades begin to blow just here, which makes additional complication. Besides, December is the beginning of the rainy season and gusts of rain are daily whipping the sea. With the rain-clouds come many phenomena besides silver linings and rainbows. For example, this afternoon there have been two water spouts appearing at the same time from the same cloud, both of them reaching down from the cloud across a bright western sky

*The Ancient Mariner comes to my aid once more and says that a liner did actually turn turtle here a few years ago with all hands lost—as usual.

THE APPROACH

and showing like huge transparent test tubes. They made a commotion in the sea and much water-dust was in the air, but the connection between sea and cloud was apparently not complete.

LIGHT AND COLOR

The mountains rise along the East Coast as we move farther north. They become more abrupt and come down close to the shore standing with their feet in the sea and their tops in the cumulus clouds more than three thousand feet up. At intervals, river valleys break through to the sea and for a mile or more there are sandy beaches or mangrove swamps or river-deposit islands. But the mountains continue to make a high rock-barrier that looks down on and across the reef-barrier, and the steamer throbs on between the two.

It would seem almost impossible to imagine a more beautiful blending of landscape and seascape. When the morning sun peers over the great reef the mountain tops have already turned a golden green and the valleys are perhaps still lost in shadows—shadows that are a lilac green. And both these greens meet and melt into the sea green of the steamer lane, while further out along the

IN JAVA

sunken reefs there is the high note of pea green. It is only far out and in deep water that the Coral Sea shows a blue.

But neither the greens nor the blues, the lilacs nor the violets are what might be called tropical colors. I have been watching the sky in the Pacific and along the Australian shore for many days expecting to see it turn intensely blue, but day after day it is pallid, cool-looking, with white clouds. It might be a sky up in Norway instead of close up to the equator. And every evening I am expecting the carmines and golds of sunset but I see only a sky of brimstone yellow with a white sun—something that might be seen in Norway again. Yesterday the dawn was flushed with red and gold, following rain, and I imagined we had at last reached tropical coloring, but in half an hour the sky had reverted to pale blue and the sun to cold white. This is not only disappointing but inexplicable.

THURSDAY ISLAND

The presumption is that some navigator arriving here on Thursday thought the name quite good enough for the island and bestowed it accordingly.

THE APPROACH

The navigator was Cook or Magellan or Vasco da Gama, according to the varied misinformation of those living on the island, but probably Torres, whose name is borne by the strait just here, also named the island. He had, no doubt, run short of names, and having christened several near-by islands with the other days of the week this one followed in course. There is nothing remarkable about the name or the island itself. It is two and a half miles long by two and a half miles wide, made up of rock and scrub timber, with a small town upon it put together by the liberal use of corrugated sheet iron and empty Standard Oil cans. It would be quite negligible were it not the headquarters of the pearl fisheries in the seas hereabouts.

Small two-masted schooners riding at anchor in the little harbor suggest the kind of craft used in the pearl fisheries, and some blacks with largely developed shoulders and chests and small hips may represent the divers. There are about ninety boats in the Thursday Island fleet. They are usually sent on two or three months' cruises along the reefs, going as far south as Brisbane. The reef fishing is almost always in less than ten fathoms of wa-

IN JAVA

ter and the blacks go down without any diving apparatus. In deeper water they use helmets and have air pumped down to them. Frequently the deep-water fishing is a mere dragging of a diver behind a boat under sail—the diver sunk to the bottom and pulled along by a rope around his chest. This would seem to be a perilous way of fishing, but then pearling never has been considered one of the safe occupations.

With the end of every cruise the pearls and shells and divers in their boats are brought back to Thursday Island where the Japanese merchants get the pearls and the divers get some money and a rest. The divers then for some weeks lie along the docks or jetties like seals on the rocks of an island, and are sometimes admired, just as the seals, for their physical development and fitness for the water. After a period of recuperation they start out on another cruise.

I found one huge fellow—almost a walrus—with shining teeth and eyes, and arms like a gorilla, who spoke fairly good English. He seemed good-natured and so I asked him some newspaper reporter's questions about pearling.

Had he ever had encounters with sea serpents?

THE APPROACH

He smiled. No: he had seen many but they were more afraid of him than he was of them.

Large ones?

No, only a few feet in length.

Poisonous?

Oh yes. If one bit you the game was up. Kill you, sure.

What about the devil fish?

Yes, he had seen a good many. He once stepped on the arm of one and his leg was immediately caught and wrapped by another arm. He used his knife and cut it loose and swam hard for the surface. His leg was sore for a month, would not get well, acted as though poisoned.

Well, what about sharks?

Yes, he had seen many, under water and above it, but it was his job to see them first. His partner had lost a foot, and several of the crew had been cut ■ different times, but there was little danger from sharks if you kept your eyes open.

Were there no great dangers in pearl diving?

Well, he once lost his breath and when dragged up on the deck had to be pumped back to life.

How very prosaic! Almost any imaginative writer could have seen more dangers than this

IN JAVA

black, and have told them in a more creepy manner. But the black was not civilized enough for embroidery.

ISLAND BIRDS

The bird life of the island was said by the shore people to offer possibilities, but I found little of it. In a morning's ramble I saw three white-faced herons, a sulphur-crested cockatoo, a large Torres Strait pigeon, three beautiful king-fishers (known as the blue-winged kooka-burra), a strange honey-eater, several bright-colored finches and a friar bird. But there were no birds in quantity and it required some sharp spying about to detect the few I have named.

As for the animals, not a thing jumped or ran or showed hide or hair. There were tremendous ant-hills—termite mountains—and some pestiferous flies, but nothing on four legs, not even a rabbit or wallaby or field mouse. The trees of the island were all small, but among them were some saman, frangipani and *poinciana regia* in full bloom. A recent rain had brought forth splendid growths of wild flowers, but unfortunately I could not name or place them with any certainty.

THE APPROACH

THE ARAPUHA SEA

This is the great stretch of water lying almost due west of the Coral Sea. It does not feel the long Pacific swell. The ship is steaming on an even keel through its blue water, but the water is not an intense blue. The sky continues to show white along the horizon and pale blue overhead. The sunsets fade out in sulphur yellow and gray blue, with occasionally a red shaft shot far up the zenith like an enormous search-light. But the dawns are red and greenish yellow with an attempt at tropical light. Perhaps the color will grow warmer when we reach the inland seas.

Large schools of small fish appear on the surface agitating the water in patches. Hundreds of shags, gannets, gulls, terns are plunging and diving at the patches. The water at times is threshed into bubbles by the swish of the fish and the plunge of the birds. The steamer runs through a school, the birds fly to the right and left, and the fish seek deep water; but they come together again as the vessel passes. The destruction goes on every day and all day as long as the fish last. The ocean seems a field of continuous slaughter with never a

IN JAVA

thought of quarter. Perhaps that is because we are always looking for the death. We do not bother ourselves with the enormous renewal of life that is keeping pace with the death.

More sea snakes floating on the surface! They are red or yellow-backed, move lazily, and must have some difficulty in picking a living. They are not swift enough to catch fish, nor fortunate enough to find anything edible on the surface, unless it might be small organisms or spawns of fish. However, the ones seen are apparently well enough nourished and not at all bothered by being a hundred miles from a beach or a warm rock.

The sea snake's enemy has not yet made himself manifest. The birds do not seem to bother him, the fish give him a wide berth, and if a shark should swallow him, he (the shark) might live long enough to repent of his indiscretion. Everything else in sea life seems to have some pursuer that eventually catches up with the pursued. The helpless small fish that huddle together in schools seem to be the worst harried of all. But the harriers do not always go scot-free. They, too, have their troubles.

THE APPROACH

THE FRIGATE BIRD

Yesterday some tiny flying-fish, no larger than a common dragon-fly, were scudding away from the shoulder of the ship. They struck the water after a few yards of flight and disappeared. No enemy seemed at hand to catch them. Perhaps they were too small game. But presently a much larger flier rose from the water and sailed and dipped and sailed for a hundred yards or more and then—! From somewhere out of a clear sky a booby shot down and caught the flier before he could get under water. Bravo! What a catch!

As the booby rose in the air, with his prey laden, there was a feeling among several of us at the bow that he had fairly earned or at least deserved his dinner. But again somewhere out of the blue there suddenly fell another winged bolt! He had not been seen but he had been watching. With folded wings, straight as an arrow, he came down on the booby. There was a cry of alarm and the booby dropped his fish and took to flight. But the falling bolt continued on. It swooped and caught the falling fish and then soared up and back into the blue. The booby's loss was the frigate bird's

IN JAVA

gain. But where the right of property really lay would require a marine court to decide.

THE DOLDRUMS

The steamer's course is not northwest across the Arafura and into the Banda Sea as the map would seem to indicate. After leaving Port Darwin the course lay due west for Soerabaya, under the islands of Timor and Flores and through into the Flores Sea at Soembawa. That would seem short and simple, but there will be several days and many turnings before we emerge into the Flores Sea. The map keeps the word of promise to the eye but breaks it to the hope. And distances down at the equator are always greater than they seem.

We are in the doldrums. The water is like a silver mirror. The air, sea, and sky are still. The land long ago sank below the verge. No ships, no sails, no smoke—nothing but the endless stretch of a shining surface. The push out of water from the ship's shoulder spreads in a great roll without breaking, and reminds one of the golden mosaic arches of San Marco at Venice, only the arch of water is not gold but blue-silver. Up at the bow the smooth water ahead of the ship's

THE APPROACH

forefoot shows sun rays radiating into the sea depths, but again the rays are blue-silver, not golden.

The smooth sea continues during the day. In the afternoon huge heap-clouds, like fantastic icebergs, lie around the horizon and are reflected in the water. Small rippled patches and lanes on the surface turn lilac, the cloud reflections are cream colored, the sky is cobalt. The total result is a sea of pearl, an opal sea. Was there ever such a precious piece of color! Or a more wonderful manifestation of reflected light! The sea was the first mirror of the sun and clouds. Its surface is still reflecting and is still untarnished, as on the earliest day.

All the long afternoon the weave and ravel of colors in the sea! What astonishing beauty! And for what end, since it must so soon disappear! With it, across it, is a weave of quite a different nature—the sea snake. And cutting right through the most beautiful color pattern in all the world the back fins of sharks! Ah, but the Great Goddess fashioned all things, both great and small, for her peculiar aims and purposes. She, it is who has decreed that there shall be no beauty without

IN JAVA

the beast, that there shall be no garden without the serpent. With travail she brought forth Life but there was born at the same time a twin brother, Death.

The sun has gone down in a blaze of gold and has left an horizon ringed with clouds that are fire-red. The patches of blue and green in between are almost as vivid as the reds. But the most astonishing colors of this sunset are shown in four enormous sunshafts shot up toward the zenith. As every one knows, the sunshaft is often a shadow shaft, produced by an intervening cloud. And again, as every one knows, a color will cast its opposite, or complementary color, in shadow. Thus it is that the lower parts of the shafts are blue, because their immediate background is yellow, the large central parts are bright green because their background is red, and the upper parts are yellow because their background is blue. Green sunshafts that run away into blue at the bottom and into gold at the top! It is a strange tale to tell and yet in northern seas I have seen a white sail crossing a red sunset turn green and again crossing a yellow sunset turn blue. Here, on a vastly grander scale, is the same cause and the same effect.

THE APPROACH

Nothing is impossible in the kingdom of light and color. And quite as astonishing as the green sunshafts is the splendid violet of the sea beneath them. Far around the horizon it spreads running into mauves, lilacs, heliotropes, pale purples and finally passing out in silver grays and dove colors. Long after the going down of the sun, far into the twilight, the slightly rippled sea-patches hold their violet and the smooth patches reflect the red and gold clouds. An amazing palette! And yet this is the true tropical color and light. This is what I have been waiting for these many weeks.

In the morning the same flat sea, and, seen from the bow of the steamer, the sun's rays radiating down through the clear water in blue wavering lines. What wonderful patterns the sun weaves down in the sea depths! Across the patterns, frightened by the approaching ship, schools of flying-fish cut zig-zags and rise into the air. You understand by seeing them in smooth water how they get their initial power in flight. It comes at first from several rapid side-twists under water and a final twist of the powerful tail that flings them out of water. When once fairly launched they seem to fly as far in a still air as in a breeze, which is a

IN JAVA

bit disconcerting to the theory that they merely sail and must rise against the wind.

Other and perhaps less noteworthy life is to be seen ahead of the cutwater on these smooth seas. Millions of tiny round shells floating on the surface flash and drop into the depths at the ship's approach. Last night in the dark the flash revealed itself as a fire-fly light and the shells as tiny stars of the sea. They raced past the sides of the steamer in great swarms and made of the ship's wake a long track of shining silver.

On the surface, floating with the shells, are lances and patches of yellow and green animalcula, the bones of cuttle-fish, sea turtles of all circumferences and, a few feet under the surface, great dome-shaped jelly-fish with small fishes playing about them. Occasionally a butterfly drops into the sea or on deck, from no one knows where. But no birds; except one lone tropic bird that seemed to have gotten out of his course—something difficult to believe about any sea bird.

A small goldfinch has been sitting in the ship's rigging for two days. He was lost at sea, being only a bush bird, and picked us up as we came by. The Chinese cook keeps looking at him covetously,

THE APPROACH

a young ornithologist on board wants to catch him and stuff him for a museum exhibit, and the ship's cat watches him by the hour. Poor little wretch! Every hand is raised against him.

TIMOR, FLORES, SOEMBAWA

A decided change has come about almost over night. The Australian coast gave no intimation of things volcanic. There are no volcanoes in Australia, at least none of importance. But as soon as the coast line of Timor came into view something in the mountain ridges, something in the long far-reaching taluses, suggested Volcano Land—the land of internal fires.

This became more marked, more apparent as the ship moved along the south coast of Flores. There the volcano, with its top blown off, became very real. Craters within the topless cones, with ragged edges and abrupt walls, sometimes with the sides to the sea burned out by molten lava, were of frequent appearance. Lava streams had been forced through great blow-holes in the sides, had burned away stone barriers, and had wound slowly down the mountain side, like great hissing snakes, into the sea.

IN JAVA

Another change was quite as noticeable. The mountain slopes of Flores shifted into a golden green—a tropical green. Even the upper peaks (they are only about 7,000 feet) were marked by light and color that are peculiar to the tropics. The open grass-like spaces were the high lights, and the timbered gorges were the shadows of the picture. A pretty picture but it proved to be only a mild curtain-raiser to the ones that followed in quick succession.

For in the night we slipped through the strait that separates Flores from Soembawa and entered the Flores Sea, and when the morning came we were running along the north shore of Soembawa with craters almost under our elbows. They were all apparently broken out on the side to the sea, that perhaps being originally the side of least resistance. Within the craters there frequently appeared new cones rising up from the centres as though the old volcanoes had burned themselves out, had lain dormant for a thousand years, and then had known a partial recrudescence of fire and lava.

Nothing of fire is there now, nothing of smoke. The whole mountain range is covered with a thick

THE APPROACH

growth of green as though there had never been even a hint of volcanic eruption. And again that green is a tropical green but intensified in light. The golden green of the grass, the apple green of the forests, lie side by side like precious strips of old velvet. You perhaps think them wonderful under shadow but when the sun strikes them they are simply amazing. No painter of the north has ever imagined the quality of those greens and no painter's palette ever held color that would more than faintly suggest them.

The mountains of Soembawa, as we move farther west, lift high above those of Flores. The peak of Tambora, famous for its eruptions, is 8,940 feet in height. It rises out of the sea, reaches above the clouds and looks like the tepee-shaped Fujiyama of Japan. The taluses (the slopes that push down from the top and flatten out at the base) are miles in length, broken by smaller peaks, craters with blasted tops, dead blow-holes. Enormous streams of volcanic slag, now crackled like a ruined mosaic pavement, hang petrified on the mountain side or fill up whole valleys with broken blocks.

Again everything is robed in green as though

IN JAVA

these things had taken place thousands of years ago, and since that far-off time nothing had happened but the rains of innumerable monsoons cutting out the enormous gorges that lead down to the sea—gorges with their wonderful shadow masses sunk deep around the bases of peaks that almost glitter in the early morning sun.

LOMBOK

The panorama spreads wider and higher as we come up to the island of Lombok. The peaks lift, the taluses lengthen, the gorges deepen, the shadows thicken. Clouds form and rise out of the canyons and boil up around the peaks until only the tops peer through the white mist, darkly glimmer for a few moments, and then disappear. Enough of the tops, however, is seen to suggest that all the peaks hereabouts are not symmetrical cones. Many of them are the high points of long sharp ridges, that have very wide valleys lying in between. In past time the volcanic action here must have been violent or prolonged to have formed such sharp-faced and yet lofty heights. The highest point—highest in all the Java region—is Rindjani, also called the Peak of Lombok, 12,-

THE APPROACH

379 feet. This is the snow line for the tropics, though snow is not usually seen upon any of the peaks. This morning a violent rain on the sea may have turned into wet snow on the tip-top of Rindjani. I had a momentary glimpse of white against a background of blue, but perhaps it was only a snowlike cloud and not real snow. During the wet season almost all of the high peaks show clear in the morning and evening light, but are cloud-veiled during the day. In the early afternoon enormous clouds heap up and mushroom out above the summits, looking themselves like snowy mountains of the upper zenith.

AMPENAN

The ship comes to anchor at Ampenan, the chief port of the island of Lombok and within sight of the high peak of Rindjani. The harbor is on an open wave-washed roadstead and there are only a handful of buildings on the shore. But a larger town is a few miles away and beyond that is a back country that ships from here. Huge barges full of produce are awaiting our arrival, and a rain-storm with rough water in the roadstead compli-

IN JAVA

cates the lighterage problem. Everything rocks and rolls.

A dozen sampans, with outriggers and oars with round disklike blades, come at us across the rough water, tossing and reeling with the waves. Everything is wet, including the rowers, but no one here seems to mind water. Each sampan crew is anxious to reach the steamer first and secure the pick of possible passengers and luggage going ashore. As soon as a boat comes alongside the bow oarsman reaches up with a long bamboo boat-hook, makes fast to a rope or ring, and then all the crew swarm up the boat-hook hand over hand, like cats or rats or monkeys. And with the greatest ease, though the pole is small, smooth and wet into the bargain. There is clatter and chatter, appeal and imprecation, laughter, and, what an Englishman would call, "dirty looks," but there is no quarrel or strife.

Going ashore in a sampan in a rolling sea is not so easily accomplished. Chinamen in conical hats, with dozens of small packages hanging about them for lack of bags and boxes to put them in, get knocked about and sometimes fall into the water. Hindus are dropped into the sampan with a thud,

THE APPROACH

and even the half-aristocratic Arabs get their turbans crowded over their ears. But they get off amid a great volley of talk. And the cargo from the barges gets on—rice, coffee, sugar, tea, cattle and what-not.

Queer cargoes are picked up and put down in these unfrequented places. Perhaps the queerest part of the cargo taken on at Ampenan was a great number of pigs, each pig being put up in a separate bamboo package that looks in shape not unlike a New England lobster pot or a large bed bolster. They were lifted on board in catches of half a dozen by the ship's winches, sometimes with tails and sometimes with legs hanging through the loops in the bamboo. But they made no protest. Life in the tropics does not protest. It bends and obeys.

LABOAN TRING

The second stop in Lombok was at Laboan Tring, an even more primitive and far-away place than Ampenan, but vastly more picturesque. It is a little harbor surrounded by high hills and is reached by a winding channel among low islands marked with white sand beaches, green lawnlike slopes, and coconut groves. The first impression

IN JAVA

is that the harbor is merely the remains of a broken-down crater, but much talk and many views of volcanoes in and about Java makes one just a little volcano mad. One sees a crater in almost any amphitheatre of the hills and a volcano in every conical point of rock. But the harbor here is abrupt enough in face-walls to be the interior of an old crater and beautiful enough to get along without explanation. The green walls reach up against a blue sky, the waters sparkle, and the groves of palm wave gently in the breeze. What more would you have in the picture?

The town is merely three or four bamboo huts by the water's edge. There is no dock or jetty, apparently no street or road, but there, waiting under a cocoanut palm, is the everlasting automobile. It is quite believable that when the North Pole is definitely reached a Ford will be found waiting on an iceberg with a polar bear keeping watch. It has worked its way into the jungle, why not into the ice?

But the automobile is about the only visible sign of civilization. The rest is barbaric, not to say savage. The narrow sunpan that comes out to the ship for possible passengers is rough hewn from a

THE APPROACH

single log, lashed up with bamboo in the outriggers, and fitted with a bamboo sail upon a bamboo mast. The natives aboard the sampan are naked but for loin cloths and quite as barbaric looking as any redskins of any land. They are red, not yellow, or, in the sunlight, a copper color. Moreover, they are thoroughly plastic rather than glyptic—that is, fitted for bronze rather than stone. They look the sculptor's model and yet have about them that which the sculptor never attains—the purely natural and the unconscious. They are not aware of having fine form and color, they are not posing or striking studio attitudes, they are all unconscious of your admiration. Therefore are their actions graceful, rhythmic, beautiful as those of a panther or a python. You can quite believe that the dense junglike hillside around the little harbor is their habitat as well as that of the panther and the python.

But the harbor is not quite as savage as it looks. There is back country here, as at Ampenan, where produce is grown and where these people, the Sasaks, live. This little harbor is their outlet to the world, their place of shipment. And here again, as at Ampenan, strange cargoes are taken aboard.

IN JAVA

Several scows with corral railings bring out cattle to the ship—half-wild cattle raised in the hills and perhaps originally bred down from the native antelope. They are clean-limbed, round-eyed cattle that have never been domesticated, never seen ships and scows and howling crews. They are crowded on the scows and pushed and dragged up a gangway, each one with a hard rope or rattan through its nose. Fear is in their dark staring eyes. They know there is danger ahead and occasionally one jumps the railing into the sea. But in the main they bend and obey.

Just before dusk the whistle of the ship sounds sharply, the scows are cast loose, the natives drop like cats into their sampan, the anchor is up, and the ship moves slowly out of the pretty harbor. A dark lowering sky is gathering. A great blue envelope seems enclosing sea and sky and through it a red sun glimmers and sinks into the sea, throwing a rose reflection far along the purple storm-clouds. Beneath this rose light and against the lurid west in dark silhouette rises a huge tepee-shaped peak that stands like a mighty lighthouse on the eastern end of Bali. We shall return to it hereafter.

THE APPROACH

In the meantime we shall have transshipped to a smaller trading steamer and gone across the Flores Sea for a six weeks' cruise around the Celebes and the Moluccas—one of the lesser developed regions of the Dutch East Indies but one of the most interesting of all.

PART II
CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

THE BUGINESE

THE Flores Sea is like any other water mirror and reflects whatever sky is above it. In monsoon weather the sky is oftener gray than blue. The northwest wind keeps drifting storm clouds across the sea and its surface is much agitated. At night it calms down but the morrow brings more rain-squalls, more clouds, more white caps running. ■ seldom becomes violent or tempest-tossed, but just as seldom is it flattened out like glass. In December and January it is not in a placid mood.

Like all salt water the depths of it are blue, its shoals are dark green, and its shallows pale green. It apparently runs into shallows at the north, and the southern end of the Celebes seems to rise up slowly from the water in low, flat-lying islands, sand spits and reefs. This is a contrast to the abrupt volcanic shores of Lombok and Bali, but the contrast is not violent. The mountain ranges behind Makassar twenty miles away lift in volcanic peaks just as in Flores and the other islands.

IN JAVA

There are a number of contrasts and differences, more or less apparent, that begin just here.

In the harbors of Lombok I noticed that instead of gulls and terns about the ship we had hawks—sea-hawks with white heads and breasts, square tails and reddish-brown backs. They were like small ospreys and dipped for fish, or ship refuse, precisely like an osprey, catching everything with their talons rather than their beaks. They seemed not so very expert at this and dropped to the water very often without a return in tangible results. Fifty or more of them hawking at a school of fish in open water made much effort of wing and tail but again with apparently poorer results than would come to gulls or terns. In picking fish out of the water perhaps the claw is not so effective as the beak.

In Makassar harbor this bird had given place to a larger, stronger and fiercer member of the family. He was all brown though still an osprey, had a half-forked swallow tail, and slight feathers in his wings like a vulture. He sailed and tacked and wheeled like a vulture, giving one the impression of power far above that of the harbor bird at Lombok.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

Well, something of this feeling came to me when the ship docked and the dock workers came into view. It was heightened later by several days of market-and-street strolling. The Lombok natives seemed almost mild and childlike compared with the natives in and about Makassar. The copper skins at the Makassar dock, carrying coal in baskets or copra in bags, were scantily clad, had round dark eyes under prominent brows, scowled a bit, showed white teeth in large mouths with slightly undershot jaws. Their noses were disposed to flatten out and their ears to flare. Moreover, their heads appeared to have lost symmetry and their hair grew as thick and as straight as the fur upon a black fox.

This may have been perverted vision or misapprehension, but I somehow brought it in as part of a theory that the Buginese here at Makassar were mentally inferior to the Balinese at Bali or the Madoerese over in Java, that by blood they had perhaps some of the negroid or Papuan in them, and that by training they had never known the culture or civilization of the southern islanders.

Yet there was contradiction, in this. Among the coal carriers there were types that were strong re-

IN JAVA

minders of the men of the ancient civilizations rather than the men of the Stone Age. When they paused for a breathing spell they stood easily and unconsciously, fell into poses that were amazingly plastic. Every attitude that a sculptor would think of was shown there, and besides there were a hundred poses, revealing line and light and shade that a sculptor would never even imagine. And yet the feeling remained that the type was low in the scale of nature, very close to the bush. It had little grace but a great deal of force, perhaps mere brute force.

MAKASSAR

Makassar lies low, a city on a flat that just grew up from the wharfs, taking on parallel streets as it grew until now there are half a dozen business thoroughfares before the residential district is reached. The houses in the main are of inferior construction, though this is subject to some remarkable exceptions. There are many modern cottages that are attractive and well planned to fend off heat, and some of the older buildings would attract attention anywhere.

Government House (still the seat of the Resi-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

dency, I believe) was of excellent proportions before the later addition of its corrugated iron roofs above the porches. That barbarity wrecked the upright lines of the pilasters and threw the building into an unhappy jumble. The old fort and the Dutch church within it—green shutters, high stoop, and all—have still a mass and solidity about them worth considering, as have also several other old buildings within the walls. But perhaps the walls themselves are now the most picturesque feature of the fort because of their covering of green moss. This is a beautiful tropical green that runs into, matches, and complements the small green park in front of it. These walls, and some of the old buildings about the park, seem to emphasize the inadequacy of the modern soldier's monument that stands at one end of the park facing the sea. It seems out of scale with its surroundings and is wanting in the monumental.

Not far away is the modern Palace of Justice, which will bear study. It hands on and down in the colony the tradition of Dutch building modified to special colonial needs, and is not only architectural but picturesque. There are several buildings in the town of similar style but older. They

IN JAVA

are a trifle cold in their white walls and have not the decorative charm of, say, the Chinese temple on Tempel Straat, but they gain in line, mass, and proportion.

There are two or three temples here that have been reared to unknown gods—that is, unknown to me—but the one on Tempel Straat is unique. I do not know and really do not care, whether it is Confucian or Buddhist or Taoist. Its history or use is nothing to the traveller, but its present-day appearance is decidedly interesting. It has rhythm in its repeated roof lines, and decorative charm in the color of its tilings, terra-cottas, stone reliefs, paintings and gildings. Some of the twisted turquoise and yellow dragons, the yellow flower patterns with birds in brilliant colored terra-cottas along the cornices, are very pretty, and much of the interior carving, painting and gilding have a quality, perhaps heightened by age, but nevertheless singularly effective. All told, this temple is the most decorative feature in the city, and the traveller might better spend an hour here than in being rushed up and down the streets in an automobile, running over dogs and chickens.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

THE CHINESE

The Chinese are the successful merchant class here in Makassar, as elsewhere throughout the islands. In this same street, within a stone's throw of the temple, you will find some houses belonging evidently to the better class of Chinese. The doors and windows with their painted patterns and dull gold stripings, the gilded name over the door, the vases at the ends of the porch railing, the potted trees and plants may strike one as odd, but they will bear consideration for some minutes. We from America or Europe have a long way to go before we shall come to such good taste and right artistic sense as this. There is tradition behind this decoration. The western world never had such an inheritance. We think such art "queer," but that is merely because we are out of focus. The queer-ness is with us, not with the art.

More modern cottages of the Chinese, with white walls, oleanders, palms, and flowers are in the succeeding streets, but they are perhaps less interesting than the older street residences close down to the business quarter. The gilded sign

IN JAVA

that tells the proprietor and his business is not far away from his residence, and the sign is of a piece with the gilded name over his house door. The Chinese district in blue and gold runs everywhere in Makassar but there are oases given over to Arabs or Hindus from British India. The Chinese do the better part of the business, but the Arabs handle the money changing and the gem selling, while the Hindus are more general shopkeepers, dealing by preference in silks, rugs, and cloths.

TRADER TYPES

The Chinese are naturally more affable than the others. They smile and bow like the porcelain mandarins with movable heads that pleased our childhood. They are very quick and accurate, handling large transactions with a *savoir faire* that is sometimes astonishing. Even the humble peddlers understand what is in their pack and how to sell it. A young moon-faced Chinaman, with two packs on his back—just a street and dock peddler—finds me on the steamer's deck.

Can he show me some silks?

Very smiling, apologetic for the intrusion, altogether at my service, most humble servant.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

No, don't want any! No *weng*!

No *weng*? with a musical rise in the voice and a smile.

He hands out lace table-cloths—cryptic dragons and celestial hunters in pattern, with flower and fruit borders. He fondles the texture.

Very cheap.

No like? musical ascending voice again.

Out come silk socks, handkerchiefs, ties, shirts.

No, don't want them!

An amethyst-hued bathrobe with another golden dragon embroidered on the back is spread out.

No good!

No good? Rising inflection of voice again.

The thin fingers turn over the silk until a raw edge shows. A thread of it is unravelled out and torn loose. The fingers manipulate it until the thread streams out with the breeze like that of a spider's spinning and shows beyond question the quality of the silk.

No good? With a voice and smile, both of them childlike and bland.

He knows he has proved his case, but he does not press the point or exult over my defeat. He slips the robe over his shoulders and turns to show

IN JAVA

me the golden dragon writhing between his shoulder-blades.

How much? He repeats my words, looks at the silk as though loathe to part with it, thinks a few minutes and then holds up spread fingers three times and three more.

Thirty-three florins! Too much!

Too much? Oh, no. Very softly and almost sadly.

Give you twenty.

Twenty? Oh, no.

The fingers go up three times. He will take thirty.

I turn away and resume reading. He packs up everything but the bathrobe.

This he folds carefully in a small handsome square and ties it with a colored paper string. He lays it on the table beside me with a smile.

Twenty-five?

He finally gives it to me for twenty and continues to smile. I did not want it at any price, but his good nature and clever salesmanship got the better of me. He was a genius after his peddler kind and it is not wonderful that his kind should be more successful than any other in the com-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

munity. The Chinese were born with a business tradition as well as an art tradition.

GEM DEALERS

The Arab seated cross-legged on a counter, with a little show-case of various coins, a few rings, and some unset stones before him, is something of a study, too. He is good-natured, quite frank and, for aught the stranger may know, reasonably reliable. He points out certain of his wares as genuine and others as imitation, and tells you at once the price of certain amethysts, carnelians, moon-stones, cat's-eyes.

You want something better? Some star sapphires?

He dips into a drawer, and brings out a small cotton-lined box.

You like that stone? The price? Him!

He brings out another box that contains a small goldsmith's scales. His sleek hands, that probably never did a day's work of any kind, slowly but deftly adjust the scales. He balances it to a nicety with small weights picked up with a little tongs.

Eighteen carats.

IN JAVA

Some figuring on a scrap of tissue paper. So much per carat. Eighty-five florins.

Too much? He shrugs his shoulders smiles, and drops the scales.

You want something still better? Pearls? Hm!

He says something to a boy in a red fez (and nothing more), who runs out of the shop. Presently he returns with another Arab. Introductions in blank with oriental salaams take place. The second Arab removes a belt from about his capacious abdomen. Out of a pocket in the belt comes a small sheaf of papers. The string is slowly unwound. On top a flat envelopelike packet in yellow tissue paper is unfolded.

Rubies!

Another follows.

Pearls!

Still another.

Emeralds!

And still another.

Sapphires!

How much for the dark steel-blue pearls?

Again the scales are balanced, the weight determined, and the price figured on the tissue paper of the package.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

Too much? A smile like a cross-legged Buddha. No, he will not abate a florin. You take it or leave it. The sleek hands are folded across the stomach. He bides his time.

The next day as you pass up the street he recognizes and greets you from his counter, where he has apparently sat cross-legged ever since the day before. He is not put out because you did not buy any of his wares. He smiles when you stop and look again into his little show-case. He says a word to that boy with the red cap, who disappears and presently returns with a third dealer who has something in a box. Your Arab smiles and would like to show you a piece of goldsmith's work. It is the belt of some dancing girl made out of pure pliable gold, put together in oblong plaques, each plaque ornamented only with a tiny border. Pure shining gold! A beautiful piece largely because of the beauty of the gold.

How much?

Out comes another scales. It is weighed. You can have it for the weight of the gold.

Perhaps you do not take it, but the cross-legged gentleman smiles just the same. Perhaps you do take a star sapphire. He seems equally well

IN JAVA

pleased and smiles some more. He is an agreeable person and a good salesman.

THE HINDU

The Hindu shopkeeper makes an impression less favorable than the Chinaman or the Arab. He speaks British-India English and usually talks too much of it. The owner or one of his staff is always at the street entrance of his shop, where he salutes the passer-by and invites him to enter. There is so much of the Jew or the Armenian about this that one wonders if the Hindu is not of kindred blood. Once within the shop the owner rattles on like a lawn mower and will sell you anything or everything at a bargain.

Some mosquito netting? Oh, yes, certainly. An odd piece which you can have for five guilders.

But it is too large.

Never mind. He will make it all right. You can have it for four guilders. It is folded and put aside as though the bargain were closed.

What else? Pyjamas. Oh, yes. Extra quality! From New York, very cheap. Only twelve guilders.

But I wanted Chinese pyjamas.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

Chinese pyjamas no good. American, English, best. No have Chinese. You like some shirts? Fine quality. New lot from New York. See, "New York" on box.

But they are the wrong size.

Oh, no. Fit quite right. Guarantee. Cheap. Ten guilders. You can have for eight.

And so he runs on until you turn your back on the shop and walk out. Then he sulks, goes grumbling to the back of his shop and you are half fearful he is looking for some hammer or tongs to throw at you. He is too eager, too pushing. He drives straight at the sale and insists upon making it, right or wrong. He cares nothing about whether you are pleased and will come to his shop again. He will take the cash, if he can, and let the good-will go. The stock of goods he keeps is not bad, but he is not so clever as the Chinaman or the Arab in selling, is less polite, less good-natured. The determination to push something upon you, and hang it about your neck before you know it, breeds antagonism and probably loses many sales that might otherwise go through.

IN JAVA

THE NATIVE

The Buginese native at Makassar cannot cope with any of these types. He is not shrewd enough or quick enough in either buying or selling and automatically falls into the servitor class. All the booths and shops and cracks in the walls where things are sold are in the hands of foreigners and the native merely fetches and carries. The Buginese is even duller than the Javanese. He is larger, coarser, more of the animal. To enumerate again, his head gives a faint suggestion of the orang-utan, with large lower jaw, broad nose, low forehead, bulged eyebrows, and rather fierce round eyes. This exaggeration may be well seen in the city prison where malefactors from a wide circuit are temporarily held. The native island characteristics crop out in the faces. This is probably aboriginal inheritance—the carry-on of the savage element—which persists, though the tribe has been much changed by contact with Europeans, and is far more civilized than it looks.

Comparisons with other natives will intrude because the influence of modern civilization has pro-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

duced different results upon the different tribes. Those like the Balinese and Sœndanese, with their old traditions, have responded quicker than the Buginese; others like the Toradjas have hardly responded at all, and there is no hope of immediate response from the Dyaks of Borneo, the Bataks of Sumatra, or the head-hunters of New Guinea. The most cultivated type, physically and mentally, is probably seen in the Balinese. They are ductile, receptive, amenable, where the Buginese at Makassar are rigid, obtuse, as out of place in a town as a wild animal in a cage. Compared with the women at Bali or Soerabaya or Malang or Garoet, the Makassar women are heavy, coarse, lacking in grace of carriage and charm of manner. Nor do they wear clothes so easily or display such good taste in pattern and color.

The *sarongs* seen on the streets of Makassar are not so varied in color as those in Java. The prevailing note seems to be purple or magenta, but this is unrelieved by other colors such as gold or orange or red. As a result the streets and markets are not lanes and fields of sunlit color, but rather streaks and patches of dark-purple and magenta. These have a barbaric tang about them and yet

IN JAVA

they are not wanting in attractiveness. And in the market the jumble of naked backs and arms with bright-colored fruits and flowers, with Chinese blues and Hindu reds and Mohammedan greens, is wildly picturesque. Makassar just at present is a mixed pattern in its people, a series of contrasts and contradictions, like every other commercial port where many races live and mingle. It is not surprising that its color, too, should be mixed.

The water front is not the least interesting place in the city. Many modern steamers are at the docks or in the harbors, but they are just as smoky and dirty here as elsewhere. The native praus lying in a little inland basin are far more amusing. The Buginese carry on the smaller island trade from Makassar, with the same kind of hulls as three hundred years ago. They are still being built on the ancient plan with a high poop, carved scrollwork, gay color, and some gilding. When going out to sea the prau looks as though riding on its nose and destined to go under bow first, but it makes excellent sailing way with its outside centre-boards and primitive steering gear. Some of them still spread bamboo mattings for sails, but some of them are fitted with American schooner-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

rigged sails and carry three New York Yacht Club jibs. Why they are not driven under water by their great sails may be accounted for only by the fact that this is a place of doldrums more often than of gales.

The sails are about the only things that have changed aboard the prau. Its hold and cargo, its crew and cabin, its ports and courses have shifted not at all since Wallace* was here seventy years ago. It still goes about the islands calling at places where the small steamer cannot enter, trading with savage tribes, and picking up passengers and native plunder wherever presented. It is a hold-over from past times, and to-day with its Malay crew and semi-piratical captain, its bamboo sails and rattan rigging, its erratic comings and goings by island, bay, and river, it is the last and best representative of the old maritime life of the Archipelago. There is plenty of romance about it. A Conrad tale of these seas was never complete without it. It is not yet driven out or driven under.

Nothing in the tropics, neither on sea or land, is driven under. The pink-skinned buffalo (or ker-

* A. R. Wallace, the English naturalist, who wrote *The Malay Archipelago*—the best book even at the present time about the islands.

IN JAVA

bau) grazes by the roadside, the locusts chirr in the casuarina, the native in his copper skin sits on his heels and contemplates the other side of the road, but nothing is driven off its feet or out of its course. This is the orient—the equatorial orient, where Languor is king and Energy an unseemly violence.

SUNSET

The steamer slips away from the wharf as the sun goes down. The weather is clear, the monsoon rains hold off, the air is dry, and the sunset—contrary to all rule and expectation—is cast in blue and silver rather than in red and orange. The sky is supremely cool though the earth has been baking hot since sunrise. The far-away mountains are opalescent blue and one high-domed peak far back of Makassar seems to lift into the sky like an enormous star sapphire. It glints and glows in the blue light of sunset like a shaft in the Dolomites rather than a volcanic cone under the equator. But the unexpected happens here as elsewhere. The red-hot sunset, the smoking volcano, the blue sea and the cocoanut palm across the foreground appear in the tourist-bureau advertisements of Java but not always in the Archipelago of reality.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

A faint breeze is drifting, just enough to fill the brown oblong sails of incoming praus and put a little ripple on the water, but not sufficient to make white caps. Everything is very peaceful under the blue and silver sky as the ship moves rapidly from the harbor and out toward the islands. People on deck adjust themselves to large chairs and chat languidly or doze dreamily or read ineffectually.

Suddenly the vibration of the boat ceases. The engines have stopped. They are thrown in reverse. We are backing up violently and turning about.

What's wrong?

The small ship's company is on its feet and in an inquiring mood. A wild word is brought from no one knows where.

Man overboard!

Every one rushes to the ship's rail.

Where?

The ship has turned completely around and is going back over her course. People crowd to the bow and strain their eyes. Some one sees far away a black speck of a head bobbing on the waves.

There he is!

Great excitement. And immense sympathy. One

IN JAVA

of the crew sent on some perilous task about the ropes or the rigging. Lost his footing and fell overboard. Only by chance seen in the ship's wake by a deck officer. Lucky for him he was not drawn in by the propeller screw and whipped into ribbons. Some one added that his deck companions said he had a wife and children and was a hard-working and faithful man. Poor devil!

Will they get to him in time? His head appears and then disappears. Can he hold out?

A boat comes down from the davits so fast that it hits the water with a great splash. Four men at the oars and the second officer at the tiller. They are away. Every one watches, breathes hard, and holds back tears. They are nearing him. The bow oar is shipped and the rower is reaching down into the water.

They have him!

Something that looks like a wet red shirt is dragged into the boat. Back to the ship they come. The boat passes alongside the ship with the dripping native seated amidships. He is brought up the ship's ladder. A sigh of immense relief goes round the deck.

And then disillusionment. The man was a de-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

serter. He had just signed a contract with the ship's company for two weeks' service around the islands, he had received a money advance on the contract and then, within an hour, had deliberately dropped overboard, swimming for the shore. He was trying to get away unnoticed, and was greatly angered by being spotted and picked up by the ship's boat. The skipper went back for him, not to save a life, but to vindicate the law. The wet red shirt was escorted below to the ship's strong room for a few days' solitary contemplation of his failure. He had just missed getting away with the money and being the hero of his native village.

The passengers collapsed into their chairs with disgust. No one thought of the man's nerve or even suggested that he was a good swimmer. The ship throbbed on.

BORNEO

The odd corners of the earth, when you come to travel them, are not so odd or cornerlike as you imagined. The little nooks and inlets on the map spread into huge bays and seas before the ship's forefoot. Land horizons fade out, and sea horizons with a ragged edge take their place. The

IN JAVA

western coast of the Celebes has been with us for twenty-four hours. The distant mountains, with here and there a peak rising in an outline like a coolie's hat, have been appearing and disappearing in blue mists and hazes. Now they are growing dim behind us. Our course has shifted to the westward. We are crossing the sea-wide straits of Makassar, heading for Borneo.

Borneo was the far-away land of our boyhood—a land of wild men, oranges, strange animals, and snakey jungles. Adventures in Borneo were more blood-curdling and hair-raising than elsewhere. The hero in white cork hat was always pouring gun-fire down the open mouth of a charging tiger, or wicked little brown men were scampering away before a charging rhinoceros, or a native village was being stampeded by a troop of wild elephants. No one ever went to sleep in Borneo without keeping one eye open. We loved it for its dangers and dreamt dreams of some day, when we grew up, going there and killing something.

Well, when at last the Borneo main rose up out of the sea, it looked not different from a dozen other shores of no renown whatever. There were low-lying islands, mangrove swamps, wooded low-

CÉLEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

lands, and, off in the distance, blue mountains—the same landscape effect as at Makassar. As we entered the harbor of Balikpapan we were not met by naked savages in dug-out canoes, no elephants paraded the shores, no huge pythons swam out to meet us. Everything was quiet, very gray, and a bit dull. Wooden piers, derricks, oil tanks, tank steamers, and the smoke from dozens of stacks and chimneys proclaimed the nature and calling of Balikpapan. It is the largest oil centre in the Dutch East Indies. Simply that and nothing more.

The tank civilization extends back into the interior with a pipe line only. The country is said to be too wet for road building or settlement. Not even the head-hunter lives in the jungle of this part of Borneo. Labor for the wells and refineries is imported from China and India. The only industry is oil, but judging from the chimneys and the ships at anchor in the harbor this is considerable. But our disillusionment is complete, for the moment at least. The Borneo of the oil tank is not the Borneo of our youth.

I quickly "did" the oil-town street, found an inland trail and went up into the hills. In half an

IN JAVA

hour the smell of oil and smoke had passed and an open half-jungle country was around me. The undergrowth was dense and everywhere were flowers—great morning-glories, azaleas, verbenas. Every blade of grass seemed to put forth a tiny flag of blue, white or yellow. Great trees ran up with clean shafts for eighty feet and then broke into branch, leaf and blossom. Vines twisted, and ferns spread, and huge leaves drooped. An animal like a mongoose ran across the trail so swiftly that I could not make him out, finches flew from bush to tree and vanished, and cooings of doves, with chatter of parrots, came in from the distance. I was already on the edge of the wild though not two miles from the harbor.

Then I came out on a point and broke through to a far view of the sea—the flat glassy sea reaching endlessly under blue and purple storm-clouds and reflecting them as in a dark steel mirror. Oh! the mighty strength of that blue and purple, the quiet sublimity of that flat sea! Merely the Straits of Makassar! Yes, but that is only a local name for a prescribed region. That water links up with the Pacific and Indian Oceans and has the might of both with a color and light all its own. It is like

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

and yet unlike any other sea upon the round globe. Thank heaven! the oil city under the hill can really do it little harm.

The ship moves out of the harbor, out through the oily waters and under the dense smoke of chimneys into the open sea, where the purple storm-clouds still lie banked around the horizon. In an hour Borneo lies behind us. The oil city is forgotten. The dense forest that runs on and climbs the slopes of amethystine mountains is there and brings back the mystery of the unknown. There still lies the Borneo of our youth—the No Man's Land of exploration and adventure. And there, too, is the Borneo of unknown beauty—the last thing that any explorer makes report of. Under this hot sun and these continuous rains neither exploration nor commerce will ever be able to destroy it. Nature will build up faster than man can pull down and there will always be a splendor and a glamour about Borneo. We refuse to be entirely disillusioned.

DONGGOLA

Under only a few stars, for the lesser ones are not seen here because of the heavy atmosphere,

IN JAVA

through a blue envelope that always spreads at night, the ship moves on across the Makassar Straits with scarcely a ripple or a break in the surface of the sea. The moon comes up but lays no track across the still water, the lights in the cabin are out, the crew is asleep on the hatches, the first officer paces the bridge—the only one moving on the ship. At dawn there is a long mountainous shore straight ahead, and shortly after sunrise we are steaming into the fine, deep bay of Donggola. It runs far inland and was made by the cutting of the Paloe River, which comes out just here.

The town is for the greater part hidden under a grove of cocoanut palms. The growing of coconuts, and the production from them of copra, is the chief industry of Donggola, as indeed it is of the whole island. A little stream comes down a gorge that runs back into the hills, and palms and cottages line the banks of the stream. Many of the cottages have pretty gardens in front of them with flowers—flowers of home lands—growing in them. It seems a little strange to find roses, sun-flowers, sweet peas, corncombs, zinnias, marigolds, yellow lilies, phlox, growing here under the equator. One expects to find hibiscus, bougainvillea,

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

love charm, allamanda, with banana, poinciana, bamboo, and a dozen other equatorial trees and is not disappointed.

For the rest, the place is not different from others of its kind along the shores of the Celebes. Purple swallows fly up and down the brook. Along the bay beach I found some snipe, two rooks, a yellow warbler, and a little bittern. A native doe and fawn, staked out along the road, looked dull, bleached out and stupid. The people who sat in the market place and tried to sell their produce looked stupid, too. One yawns a bit and goes back to the ship. It is a fine harbor with no oil on the water, and the cocoanut grove is beautiful but—the ship sails at ten.

COASTING

All the afternoon we skirt the edge of a mountainous highland and a wooded lowland. At sunset the clouds fade away and the mountain range at the back comes out with central peaks four or five thousand feet in height. They burn in the sunset with the high lights of opals, then turn amethystine, violet, blue, and finally show as a purple barrier against the shadow of the world

IN JAVA

creeping up the eastern sky. It is practically an unknown mountain range. People on passing ships look at it curiously and wonder what mysteries it hides, but few whites have ever been closer to it. Everything here seems distant, surrounded by almost impenetrable forest, wrapped in vague mystery. Even the natives do not go into the remoter spots of the wilderness. These remain isolated, shadowy, unknown.

At dawn the ship is still coasting and the same mountain range back in the interior seems paralleling our course, but the shore has changed somewhat. The forest—dense just here beyond anything I have known in Central America or Brazil—comes down to the water's edge in an unbroken wave of green. There are bays that push in and promontories that push out; but the forest follows the coast line as a shadow the sunlight. Cleared patches of ground, where a brighter green shows, with cocoanut groves along the shore, indicate the presence of native life near by, but no native huts appear. One might fancy it the world of the Great Reptiles before the coming of man.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

ISLANDS

Out from the shore at varying distances are many islands, every one of them repeating the verdure and the color of the mainland. The branches of trees overhang the water and almost touch it. At places there are outcrops of rock with abrupt face walls, but they are not high, and at other places silver-sanded beaches where one might bathe quite free from fear of sharks, but they are not long. The islands are usually rounded on the water line as they are on the sky line—rounded with beautiful green foliage. When you come close up to them you find the foliage is too dense to see far into its depths. Trees are packed in close together, with long straight trunks that rise for a hundred feet before they branch and flower. The trunks, like those of almost all tropical trees, are light in color, as light as a northern beech. Occasionally a break in the leafage shows a great mass of shadow through which these white stems cut like sunlight and gleam like the high lights in a Rembrandtesque landscape.

In the morning the trees stand motionless, and

IN JAVA

for the better part of the day they do not move. They grow, they exhale, they live in the sunlight. They have no ambition other than to gain their portion of light and air, to bear fruit and multiply after their kind, and then go their way when they must. For ten thousand years perhaps the generations of trees have been coming and going. Nothing disturbs them. Tempests and earthquake they can withstand, and the axe they have never known. No one lives near them. Parrots and monkeys may take of their fruit and deer and wild hogs may girdle the bases of the young trees, but they can outlive such surface damage. With no more formidable enemies they might live on forever.

There are natives on the mainland who pick a living by handling copra, ebony and rattans, but they do not bother the little islands. These seem sanctuaries for birds, animals and trees. No one owns them. Any world-weary person might take up a claim upon one of them and the Dutch authorities would probably leave him in undisturbed possession for a century. He could set up a sultanate of his own and live like the island trees. But in the end he might find it dull and even the gorgeous sunsets across the sea might become a

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

weariness to the sight. But the possibilities make up a pretty tropical dream.

Kwandang, a small port where the steamer stops for mails and a chance passenger gets on or off, suggests how that dream might end in reality. It is only a spit of sand extending out of a mangrove swamp. There are half a dozen bamboo sheds, a small pier, a hundred or more natives of much mixed blood, and some hungry-looking dogs. There is a town not far away, but if one had to stay there or here over night he might find it more convenient to go back to his island and sleep under the silent trees with his dreams.

MINAHASA UPLANDS

The only feature of Amocrang (and that not very distinctive) seems to be a thick cocoanut grove made up of rather thin but very tall trees. They curve upward gracefully and bend in the breeze majestically, and are, all told, unusually picturesque. Amocrang and its little landing place look much as though they had served as a model for the cover of many tourist folders. A point of land at the right running out into the bay, with tall palms

IN JAVA

leaning seaward, suggests the tropical sea island very well.

This is the place where the traveller is advised to make a trip by motor through the country for a hundred miles and then come out to the sea again at Menado. The trip is worth while because it will disclose not only a new mountain country, but also quite a new people—that is, different from any yet seen in the islands. To begin with, the Minahasers are not Mohammedans but Christians. Those who care not at all for any religion are inclined to sneer at the missionary efforts that have been carried forward among these natives, but if those efforts are responsible for the fine appearance of the land and people it is a pity that the missionaries are not more numerous and their influence more widely spread.

Of course, the people, the houses, and the towns are not so picturesque as Mohammedanism can furnish. Cleanliness and order have never been able to compete with squalor and dirt in the matter of producing color, shadow and picturesque grouping. In the first place one misses the *serong*. The natives here dress in black or white much as might contemporary Europeans. The women wear skirts

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

and the men trousers. Occasionally one sees the *sarong* but it is seldom bright in color. The *fez* has given place to a felt or straw hat, the shoe is worn by some, and the young people in school are usually clad in white.

Distinctly there is a loss of color in costume, but it is perhaps made up for by a gain in gardens and flowers. The roads are excellent and the native houses border the road but are set back a little distance to allow for a lawn and flowers. There is a bamboo fence and often an hibiscus hedge running in front, then come flower-beds and garden paths, and finally there are many potted plants about the porches or in hanging baskets. This all makes for color, and with the houses often painted in bright bands of color, or at least with doors, windows, and shutters so painted, there is considerable color display.

The houses are better built, more capacious, more cleanly looking, more hygienic than anything seen in the Mohammedan towns. The walks, the roads, the people are all cleaner in every way than, say, those of Makassar. So while the Minahasa district loses something of the picturesque, it gains in hygiene, order, and perhaps self-respect.

IN JAVA

Much of this is doubtless due to the proper teaching of the Christian missionaries, but the material they had to work with was better than in districts such as Makassar. The Minahasa native is rather large-framed, round of face, serious-looking, intelligent—a much higher intelligence than the native of Makassar. He seems to have responded to European education and adopted much of it. This is usually thought to be just the worst thing that can befall any native. The argument has been that he cannot be turned into a European and therefore should not be taught European ideas; he should be allowed to remain a native. But here is practical demonstration to the contrary. It looks as though he had profited by European example.

So, too, it has been popular all through the East to damn the Christian missionary. But here is illustration that argues the missionary cause very effectively and forcefully. No unprejudiced person, travelling through the Minahasa district can do other than applaud the missionary results there. It is a beautiful, prosperous, well-developed country, with a polite, intelligent, fine-looking people, and, at least, it can be said that the missionaries

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

have put no obstacles in the way of development. And the Dutch government seems to acknowledge the superiority of the people by recruiting its best native soldiery from them.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY

At Amoerang the palm groves not only spindle up to great heights, but they begin to spread indefinitely in all directions. Once more copra is the chief industry of the district, and wherever you go the cocoanut palm goes along with you. There are other large trees—endless processions of them along the roadways—and as you cross the many brooks, dense clusters and clumps of bamboo appear in the valleys. Tree ferns grow out of the steep hillsides, frangipani, acacia, and broad-leaved trees with red flowers are about the villages. Some of the trees seemed very old, but growth is so swift in the tropics that age is always problematical.

At one time this whole district must have been heavily timbered, but it is now opened up by many cleared spaces on the hillsides where a tall grass (*alang-alang*) grows. The flatter spaces, as you move farther inland, are given over to crops of American maize, peanuts, rice, but the cocoanut

IN JAVA

palm is always somewhere in the background, and under the palm rest many cattle that look as though their ancestry ran back to Jersey or Guernsey, or (more likely) to the antelope of Bali. Another animal seen everywhere is the black pig. He keeps dashing across the road in front of the automobile, and breaking a new loophole through the bamboo fence with each dash. His presence in large numbers along the road and through the villages suggests that this is not the land of either the Mohammedan or the Jew. Certainly the Minahassa natives do not consider the pig an unclean animal.

The road has many hairpin turnings as it gradually rises toward Lake Tonado. Small sand hued streams run through the little villages, and women washing clothes are standing in the pools, but apparently there is not a great deal of bathing. The air is cooler than at sea level, and at Lake Tonado the change is marked. The lake is up two or three thousand feet, and is a true enough lake in size. It is beautifully caught and held in a mountain reservoir and spreads smooth and still among the high hills. Pink lotus grows by its edges, and some small white herons (locally called "rice birds") are usually wading along its shore.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

The drives about the lake are very beautiful, and at the far eastern end the lake water is carried off into many *setaaks* or rice fields, where it serves utility as well as beauty. There is a road running to Sawangen, down a deep valley with a brawling mountain stream and a pretty little waterfall; but the road your chauffeur likes to follow is by Tomohon to Manado. This, too, is an attractive hairpin-turning road with fine views, especially of the Bay of Manado. At the left of the road after leaving the lake a volcanic peak swims into your ken. This I take to be the peak of Lokon, the same peak one sees (at the right) from a steamer coming into the Bay of Manado. It is not very high, but quite perfect in its cone shape.

MANADO

This is a large and important town with the sea as a foreground and the Minahasa country as a background. The harbor is only an open roadstead at the mouth of a small river, and is by no means an easy landing place in rough weather. In fact, sometimes for several days there is no landing at all, and vessels anchored outside have to beat to open sea. In the city there is an old fort, the

IN JAVA

usual number of streets, shops, houses thatched with *atap*, gardens, trees, and swarms of natives; with nothing very distinctive about any of them.

The view around the harbor from the steamer deck is very fine. At the right, several miles out from the breakwater rises the volcano of Menado Toea; at the back looking over the town is the volcano of Klabat (or Kalabet), said to be 6,560 feet in height. ■ is usually cloud hidden and is seen better from the ships going north. Around the quarter circle of the Menado roadstead is a girdle of cocoanut groves, a girdle that is wide as well as long. The trees reach up the hill with only the bouquet like fronds appearing, but these form a repeated pattern like a *mille fleur* tapestry.

In less than an hour's steaming out of the harbor, moving to the north, the volcano of Klabat comes into full view. It is based upon a tremendous platform and rises in an almost perfect cone. The bulk and mass of it are mightily impressive—that is, they impress by their might. It is wooded to the top, but the softness of texture usually produced by foliage is not felt because the volcano is probably twenty or thirty miles away. In the same range, around to the right, appears another vol-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

cano of considerable height but it is less impressive than Klabat. There are others in the chain, cropping out at the north, of which Doea Sandara is the most prominent. In fact the volcanic cone is almost a commonplace in the Archipelago, and yet it is never so common that you do not turn to see the last one with nearly the same wonder that you had for the first one. The feeling of some enormous energy beneath is always present, though the outer appearance may be as serene as a summer day.

STRAITS OF BANKA

The Straits of Banka, through which the steamer passes on the way out to the open sea and the distant Moluccas, seem unfrequented and very far away from civilization. And their tenantless, silent islands, have a haunting beauty—a mystery and romance—that is difficult to pin down in words. One of them (at the left just before passing out of the Straits) is ringed by cocoanut palms, has silver-sanded beaches, and in the centre of it rises a high tangle of golden trees and vines that might easily hide some enchanted castle of the *Arabian Nights*. But the romance of reality quite

IN JAVA

outruns any flight of imagination and a reference to an *Arabian Nights* fancy fails to convey the sought-for impression. The truth is that nothing in former experience is quite like what one sees in the Celebes.

Through the dusk of gathering night, long, sloping promontories, like the bases of volcanic taluses, stretch down and out into the water. Through the dark one can still see spread against the sky the motionless fronds of palms—rings and girdles of palms that seem to run on forever. A dim light, showing here and there, indicates that there are some natives living under the palms. They are no doubt scattered families, outliers from the ordinary *dessa*, who gather, like stray sea birds along the shore, for company. They probably fish far out in the Straits by day, and go home at night like the sea birds to their rocky islands. A more primitive existence can hardly be imagined.

THE MOLUCCAS

The steamer heads due east for the Moluccas and the Spice Islands. At dawn, while the morning star, and the crescent are close together and both of them glittering with light, two dark points

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

begin to rise above the eastern horizon. Islands of the sea? They look it but they are peculiar in appearance. That coolie's hat comes to mind again. The hats are pushing up out of the sea, and we half expect to see beneath them the scowling faces of some enormous sea-djinnns. But half an hour later, with more light, we make out that they are the tops of volcanoes rising out of the sea. Other hats, with long strips of land, come up at right and left. Presently we are entering the large volcano-circled Bay of Ternate, and the great cone straight ahead is, I take it, the Peak of Ternate, some 5,500 feet in height. It lies in dark-green silhouette between us and the sun. A little smoke is almost always coming from the top, though seldom seen because of a filmy cloud that usually rests like a thin drift of snow about the peak. The volcano has been restless for many years without being violently active.

To the right of the main peak is a smaller one with dark streaks down its sides showing where, in past time, lava streams have run until chilled and hardened into blackish slag. Still further to the right is a peak of lesser proportions than the main one, but still of considerable lift and bulk. It has been guttered down its sides by lava streams,

IN JAVA

though it is now overgrown with foliage to its top. Luckily it has not been active for many years because the town of Ternate is on its northeastern side. An outbreak of the volcano would almost surely cause disaster to the town.

TERNATE

The harbor of Ternate is large, but not well protected from the northwest winds. The small boats without outriggers that come out to the ship plunge and wallow in the trough of the wave. Every boat in or about the island is called a sampan or a prau, though they are not all of the same model by any means. Some of the sampans here in the harbor have high curved prows or poops and set one wondering what Greek trireme or Venetian gondola was their model. But, of course, the model used came from New Guinea and was Papuan. The elaborate carving and bright painting indicate as much.

But it would be difficult to trace the origin of many of the sailing craft in these waters. Some of them have been handed down from a remote antiquity, for their like appears in the bas-reliefs at

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

Baro-Boedoe a thousand years back. Then there are Portuguese relics and remainders that might create a sensation in a marine museum, but no one could trace their lineage. Even the Molucca pearl schooners set with top sails, the Chinese junks and wang kangs, the ocean-going canoes with great outriggers and wing sails would bother the ship-historian. These lost ports of the East harbor strange craft.

Ternate is an island or group of small islands off the west coast of the Moluccas. A sultan lived and ruled here up to a few years ago, but about all that is left of him or his rule at the present time is his still-standing whitewashed palace at the end of the town. It is a ramshackle structure, and the Dutch rulers, not knowing what else to do with it, have turned it into a museum where are shown some tawdry relics of the former Sultan's glory. They are not impressive. And the Sultan himself in his greatest splendor was probably not like the rising sun. At any rate, he and the Dutch administration had some differences which resulted in the splendor being abated and the Sublime One deposed.

The people of the island are somewhat mixed in

IN JAVA

both race and religion. The natives are a different people from those seen in the Minahasa mountain land. They are not so regular in feature, nor so large in body, nor so alert mentally. They are Christians in part, and dress in European costume; and Mohammedan in part, dressing in *fox* and *sarong*. The Chinese merchants are, as elsewhere, a class by themselves, though mixing and mingling with the general mass. A fourth element is rather pronounced here. This is the Papuan, with blackish skin, large head and frizzled hair, and with possibly some negro blood in him. He is a coarse, rather fierce-looking type. Two of them (prisoners bound with ropes and brought in by Dutch officers from New Guinea) have just been marched up the gang plank of our ship. They are to be taken down to Amboina for trial for murder. They are naked but for loin cloths, have bushy hair, large dark animal eyes, and keep looking about them in an apprehensive way. Everything they see is new and strange, and they stare like the frightened cattle taken on at Lombok. But I cannot see anything about them suggestive of the head-hunter or the cannibal. They are probably lower in the scale than those living at Ternate,

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

but perhaps none of them is quite as bad as the tales told about him.

Ternate, then, is a mixed town but not exactly a mongrel one. The place is cleanly, the inhabitants well dressed, living in comfortable houses, with trees and flowers in the dooryard, and probably enough to eat in the larder. Some of the houses of the natives are unique in the construction of gate entrances or porter's lodges; some of the wealthier Chinese have handsome places; and the Dutch are well provided with pretty cottages and villas. The long streets running parallel to the beach are shaded by lines of tamarinds as at Makassar and elsewhere. Of course, the streets are flooded with men, women, children, dogs, goats, go-carts, all in promiscuous but good-natured confusion. The streets and markets have their tides like the sea, but the tide is more often at flood than at ebb.

This little island was early a point of quarrel between the Portuguese and the Dutch. The conspicuous Fort Orange, still standing and in military use, was originally employed to ward off the Portuguese. The huge walls are impressive and attractive but of no value as defense in the present

IN JAVA

day except possibly against a native uprising. The buildings are used for governmental headquarters, and the fine trees within the great walls bear the flowers and fruits of peace.

One of the trees in the fort gives us momentary pause, not because of its large growth, but because of its fruit and its economic handling. This is the common nutmeg tree. The ripe fruit looks precisely like an apricot on the outside. When gathered this outside is first taken off, preserved with sugar and liquor, and used as a sweetmeat. The nut inside is dark colored with a bright outside coating running in patterned lines of red. This red coating is taken off and marketed as the mace of commerce. Finally comes the dark nut which is dried and sold as nutmeg. Every bit of the fruit is utilized. Nothing is wasted. And the method is native rather than Dutch. Again and again we shall find this native economy of materials set over in sharp contrast against occidental waste and mismanagement.

The harbor and beaches produced no birds larger than the ordinary sea-swallows that skimmed about the pier head. There were no gulls, terns, ospreys, frigate birds, or tropic birds. A tramp

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

around the hills revealed no finches, warblers, thrushes or parrots. The day was probably not favorable. Parrots, red, blue, green and white, were offered for sale in the market-place, and on the street, and a passenger came aboard the steamer with two black parrots from New Guinea (a rare bird); but, generally speaking, the scarcity of birds was marked. The black parrots sat close together on a perch, trying to console each other by rubbing their heads together. They looked dismal, as though they were the last of their race. The traffic in birds to Singapore from here is considerable, and about the islands the rarer birds are growing as scarce as the almost extinct bird of paradise.

TRAFFIC

Trade about the Celebes and the Moluccas is singularly well organized and effectively handled. The produce of any district, be it copra, rice, sago, coffee, rattan, ebony, hides or fish, is first bought up in detail by the Chinese traders who everywhere go into the country and buy from the natives. The purchases of the Chinese are brought down to the small towns and ports and finally sold in bulk to

IN JAVA

agents of large shipping houses in Menado, Ternate and Makassar. From these towns bills of lading are made out and the produce may be shipped to almost any port in the world. The K. P. M. (Royal Packet Company) takes up and puts down cargo of almost any sort for almost any place. It has a large fleet of steamers that is moving continuously around the Dutch possessions, not only in Java and Sumatra, but all the islands to the north, including the Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, and New Guinea. The trade is very large, and increasing from year to year.

There are obstacles in the way, hurdles to be jumped, in this trading. It is not always smooth running and easy winning. For example, the steamers have labor troubles of their own. The inhabitants of a country such as that bordering upon Tomini Bay are able to pick a living without work. As the captain of my little steamer explains, they smoke cigarettes and play a mandolin under a cocoanut palm waiting for a cocoanut to drop. He finds it impossible to hire them to handle his cargo, either coming or going. They decline work of any kind. The result is, the captain has to hire and carry with him crews from

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

Makassar and Menado to load and unload cargo in the many small ports of Tomini Bay. After he has hired his crew he occasionally has difficulty in keeping them on the job. With a little advanced money in their pocket, and some nostalgia gnawing at their vitals, they will jump overboard and swim for shore at any close approach to land.

The kinds of cargo are miscellaneous—anything that a people raises or uses. Copra in sacks is perhaps the leading export. Tons of it are taken on at every landing. Fibres, hemp, kapok, rattans, hides, spices, tapioca, sago, soja in jars, are all shipped to foreign ports from the northern islands. Some of the cargo is closely packed, and some is handled in loose state. Dried flying-fish, for instance, are sandwiched between sticks of bamboo and tied in bundles of thirty or more pounds—very neatly and economically packed for the Amsterdam or London market. Horses and cattle are frequently hoisted on board in canvas slings, pigs in bamboo crates, chickens in coops. At small beach landings the horses and cattle are sometimes swum out to the steamer and then lifted out of the water to the deck. Frequently they object to

IN JAVA

the lifting process, and beat the void with ineffectual hoofs and legs, but usually they yield and are quiet.

Inbound cargo for local ports may go off the ship in any state. Where possible crating and packing are avoided. Automobiles, household belongings, implements, lumber, steel beams, corrugated iron, Standard oil cans are swung off by the powerful derricks of the ship. In the small roadsteads, where cargo must be taken off in barges and lighters, there may occasionally be a mishap by reason of a rolling sea, but usually the work is done swiftly, deftly, and surely. The native crews are astonishingly adept and competent.

PASSENGERS ON

The human cargo does not always fare so well. The few first-cabin passengers come out in the ship's launch, when the vessel is not at a dock. There is little of "peril by sea" in that. But the deck passengers are brought out in narrow sampans, paddled by excited, reckless natives, which is quite another story. These deck passengers present at each port a new study in ethnology, manners and costumes. A more grotesque, pic-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

turesque lot it would hardly be possible to bring together. They are of all bloods and faiths—Malay, Chinese, Japanese, Papuan, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Christian. Among them one could find the rich man, poor man, beggar man, and thief with little trouble. They crowd the sampans with boxes, bundles, birds, umbrellas, each one with a great number of small packages containing no one knows what. They huddle together in the bottom of the boat, get wave-splashed and water-soaked, but they say nothing.

When they get to the ship's ladder and begin disembarking there is a crawling about over each other in the effort to disentangle themselves. The women in long *sarongs*, with children in arms, look as though they would surely pitch overboard, but some one grasps an arm or a leg at the crucial moment and they are hauled back into the perpendicular. Finally they all get aboard and are spread out on the hatches, like a week's wash, to dry. An hour later, with the ship under way and a little sea running, the whole lot of them may be curled up with sea-sickness and frightened out of their senses.

But, happily, no more serious sickness comes to them. These small coasting steamers carry no

IN JAVA

physicians, and the only remedy in the medicine chest that I have heard of is castor oil. It sometimes happens that a birth comes off unexpectedly on deck, but that causes no surprise or comment. In case of difficulties the services of the chief engineer are requisitioned. Just why a knowledge of mechanics should qualify one in obstetrics is explained by the captain only with a little laugh. His officer probably salutes and obeys orders without questionings.

BETWEEN DECKS

A trading steamer gives little indication on its outside of what is being carried on in its inside. Down between decks there are not only bags of copra, rice, maize, with woods, hides, mats, baskets, cases of oil and a what-not of miscellaneous foodstuffs and household supplies, but there is a large live cargo. Cattle, horses, pigs, chickens, parrots are on the same deck and in the same quarters as the third-class passengers and the coolie crew. A wide shelf up against the roof of this deck is reserved as quarters for the crew. There, in little pigeon-box compartments open at the back, the coolies sleep. Between steamer landings they

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

catch naps. At these times rows of bare feet may often be seen protruding from the pigeon-boxes. Sometimes the boatswain's call to the upper deck is emphasized by slappings at the bare feet.

The term "coolie" now designates almost any one that works with his hands, especially one of a ship's crew that handles the cargo. It carries about the same meaning in the East Indies as "nigger" in the West Indies. Every one swears at him or about him, calls him lazy, dishonest, worthless; but so far as I can make out he is almost the only one who does any work. He is quick and nimble with his hands about winches, ropes, ladders, boats; in emergency he carries on his back any kind of cargo, and at odd hours on deck he scrubs, polishes, paints, splices ropes, stitches canvas, refits pulleys. He works long, hard, and effectively for about the same wage as the West Indian "nigger"—that is, less than forty American cents a day. He is always at call, lends a hand at any time, place or circumstance and (when he can) eats rice and the tails and ears of meat, out of a tin pan, with his fingers, and says nothing.

The coolie is worth half a dozen of the Australian longshoremen who have, with their laziness

IN JAVA

and extortions, so severely crippled shipping in Australia. And yet about all he gets for his labor is his pan of questionable food and a pigeon-hole in which to sleep. If he is not of the regular crew but is only shipped for a short run, he does not get even the pigeon-hole. He sleeps on deck with perhaps a link of the anchor chain for a pillow. He may not be worth much but he certainly does not get much.

CLASSES

Beneath the pigeon-hole shelf of the crew, on the deck floor, the third-class passengers dispose themselves as they may see fit. The Chinese and Arab women immediately screen off little apartments by hanging up nettings or mattings or *sa-rongs*; and behind this screen they camp down for the voyage, sleeping on the floor and eating with their fingers out of such pots and pans as come their way. Birds, chickens, pet rabbits, babies, half-grown children are all mixed in together, with perhaps the heads of family seated at the sides quietly smoking and dreamily smiling at the recently-born progeny sprawled upon the deck.

The Hinduis usually travel with bundles of mats

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

and bedding on their backs. These they spread on the decks and from their peddler packs take out towels, prints, patterns, with which they cover boxes and bags, making a little compound of their own where they lie down and sleep, or sit up and meditate. Sometimes an old one may read out of a yellow book to several of his race, or a group of younger men play some game, but usually the Hindu sleeps or meditates. They are all past masters in meditation. They may not be followers of Buddha, but they can sit cross-legged and smile and—meditate.

The second-class passengers are a sort of red herring. They are something between the white clothes of the first-class and the gay *serongs* of the third. Chinese and Arab traders, who have made some money, travel this way, enjoying a cabin service and a fore-deck promenade. Their wives and children go with them. The Chinese women are usually well-dressed, have a superfluity of gold teeth, and often handsome jewelry. They are always smiling and polite, with a good nature that should be considered the first desirable quality of humanity instead of the last.' They make very little fuss about the discomforts of travel. The men,

IN JAVA

too, do not worry. They are all philosophers and spend hours calmly surveying sea or sky or the bubble-white water at the ship's side, though occasionally they set in at a game of mah-jong or listen to some strummed music. The children are bright-eyed and play about the deck rather gravely for children, but then the orientals are not boisterous at any age. Neither the second or third-class makes much noise. It is the first-class that grinds the high-powered phonograph and dances and whoops half the night through. But it is proper to add that the second-class has its jazz records, too, in both Chinese and Malay.

The first-class is made up almost entirely of Dutch commercial agents, with something to buy or sell in their kits. There is a lively competition for island produce and quite as much eagerness to sell the islander manufactured goods from Europe. Trade is largely talked on the deck and over the dinner table. Good food and excellent beer prevail. There is much story telling and high laughter. The Dutch have a lively sense of the ridiculous and are fun-loving, genial, cordial. The officers of the ship lend a hand. But only when off duty. Better navigators never sailed tropical seas,

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

and a more efficient body of officers, a more effective system of trade and transportation than that of the K. P. M. would be difficult to imagine.

LITTLE PORTS

The coasting and trading steamers going about the islands make many stops in little bays where trade is too limited for profit, but the steamer people feel that they have to look after these small villages. They bring them mails and supplies, and take out their few bags of copra, whether it pays or not. These smaller villages are primitive but quite decent, arranged orderly, and kept sanitary. Each one is under the rule of a headman selected by the natives themselves. It is home rule in all essentials, though the headman takes counsel of the local Rajah, who, in turn, is guided by the Dutch Resident of that province. There is sometimes at these small harbors a wooden pier built out a few yards into the sea, but landings are more often made from the ship's boats in the surf.

Totok, on the west coast of the Celebes across from Ternate, is one of these smaller ports, in a fine crater-like bay, with sandy arena-beaches and cocoanut palms carrying around the whole shore

IN JAVA

line. On the sea side is a chain of small islands acting as a breakwater. The bay itself is probably not of crater origin but was formed by the wash of the sea in among volcanic hills. There are tepee-shaped hills about the bay, but farther back they run up into high mountains. The houses about the landing are few but there is a town back in the mountains that ships at this port—ships copra, of course.

KOTA BOENA

An hour's steaming along the coast and we put in at another small port—a roadstead sheltered by a long island on the seaward side—Kota Boena. It is smaller even than Totok. Everything goes ashore in the surf, though a small wooden pier has been constructed, probably by, or for, a gold-mining company washing gold up in the hills. The village is primitive again, made up of small native and Chinese houses with thatched roofs; but cleanly, laid out regularly, fenced in by bamboo, and altogether very attractive under the shadow of its palms.

Every one there seems quite content; but contentment is easily attained when one's wants go no

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

further than a little food, less clothing, and nothing to do. Probably energy here is not considered one of the virtues. Nor should indolence be counted a vice. Why scoff at happiness under the palms by a summer sea, with a dish of rice and a garden of flowers? It may not be for us, but why is it not quite right for them?

A great brown bird with vulture wings and the flight of an owl is moving across the harbor toward the mountains. There are no sea birds—no gulls, terns or ospreys. Perhaps steamers throwing out refuse come this way too seldom to warrant a following of gulls. I am told there is a rare bird, a maleo (a small bush turkey) on this coast, but I have been able to see no more of it than its large egg. It is said to lay this egg with much difficulty, and then to bury it in the sand for sun hatching. The natives dig for the eggs and sell them in the market like turtles' or ducks' eggs.

Wallace, when here in the Celebes, spoke of this bird, and also about the pig-deer and the ox-antelope, but they were rare even in his day. He spoke of many birds and animals that no one sees at the present time, and noted then that they were not plentiful. He also spoke of trees, blossoms

IN JAVA

and flowers, of many varieties, but none of them in large quantity. All of this comes back to me here in the Celebes, for even my limited experience confirms his observation. I am continually surprised that there are not more trees in blossom, more flowers in bloom, more birds with song, more animals, even more butterflies. Putting down in a note-book each specimen I see finds me at the end of the week with a wide representation, and yet I have seen so few in numbers.

GORONTALO

Steaming down to Gorontalo one passes close by a wonderful shore that rises quickly into cloud-capped heights. Ridges of hills lift into ridges of mountains, with enormous sun-riven valleys in between. These valleys are filled with vapors, half mists, by which the sun shafts are diffused, much as is an electric light by a frosted or ground-glass globe. The result is a strange luminosity in the valleys, that is reflected upon the dark surrounding hills. The lights and the darks of the pattern follow and relieve each other so forcefully that an etcher could put them on his plate without transposition of any kind.

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

I have never seen a more beautiful mountain country than comes down to this east shore of the Celebes. The light and shade of it are perhaps more wonderful than its color. All the ridges up to the highest peaks are forest-clad; cloud-shadowed and sun-beamed, drifted with mists, and trailed with rains. In storm they are flashed by lightning and reverberate with thunder, but they are not tempest-tossed, nor do they roar with wind. At sunset they clear up, sometimes reflect a brilliant sky, but they more often show complementary colors in the valleys. Last night there was a golden sunset and a high ridge running down to the sea rose as a barrier between us and the fire-gold sky. This ridge showed in its shadowed side a most brilliant violet, the complementary color of the golden sky.

At dawn, with a red sky reflected in a smooth sea, we entered the river-harbor of Gorontalo. There are abrupt cliffs rising on either side and the narrow entrance seems at first like some Norwegian fiord, but its origin is perhaps more easily accounted for. A large river coming down from an inland lake probably found a weak joint in the masonry of the hills just here and broke through it

IN JAVA

to the sea. The river is swift and strong and is still following its old bed. With heavy rains it should have enormous cutting power and could easily have made its present channel in the course of a few centuries. It is up the mouth of this narrow but deep river, flanked by high cliffs, that our steamer finds anchorage and lighters out its cargo.

A NORTHERN TOWN

The town is a mile or more up the river. It contains a hundred Europeans and several thousand natives, is well planned, has tree-lined streets and squares, good bridges, public buildings, schools, markets, and is, all told, an attractive place. For this the Dutch administration should be thanked, though it never is, for this or any other public work. It is always a target for criticism. The establishment of schools for the natives, for instance, has met with considerable opposition among the Dutch themselves, many of them maintaining that education breeds unrest. But, nevertheless, the schools have been set up here, as elsewhere, and are being maintained. And some of the natives occasionally object to this innovation, or that regulation, and others are opposed to the government

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

on every count. But all that argues little against the government. No rule has ever yet been established that satisfied every faction.

But while the Dutch must be credited with excellent administration, not all the good things come from them. The Gorontalo people, for example, have fine qualities of their own, as well as some that are less praiseworthy. They speak a different language and have a different racial character from the Buginese or Menadoese or the Alfours of the mountains; but they are quiet, orderly, cleanly, well-dressed, keep a good dooryard, fence it with bamboo, grow flowers, make excellent mats, baskets, cloths and metalwork, and are, all told, a self-respecting, capable people.

They have, moreover, an artistic sense. Even the derelicts that sit in the public markets and sell produce arrange their wares attractively. Tomatoes, usually no larger than marbles, are placed in pyramidal groups so that the green ones look like jade, and the red ones like carnelian; purple egg-plants and white gourds may form another grouping, and red peppers and green citrons a third grouping. The whole of a small stock of vegetables may be arranged on a board in a surprisingly

IN JAVA

attractive color pattern that seems to have been derived from patterns of mats or cloths. I do not remember ever seeing this window-dressing with vegetables outside of these islands.

The native taste shows itself also in dress. This is not only bright in color, but is harmonious in pattern. Pattern and color are things these northern people love to play with. Even about the humblest bamboo houses there will be seen some display of paint, or arrangement of flowers, or fluting of thatch, or pattern of bamboo, that suggests good taste and some study. This is all more characteristic of the people in the Celebes perhaps than elsewhere. That the Javanese, Madoerese or Soendanese are so artistic may be questioned. But the question will probably be answered by every one according to his individual experience.

PROSPERITY

In none of these northern towns or villages does one meet with the beggar. Some of the very old people look a bit frayed and tattered, but they do not beg. Nor does one meet with people that look sick or are crippled or have sore legs. The country is not only rich in crops, but it is a health-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

ful region, though I am told that many of the natives die of tuberculosis. That is perhaps not due to country or climate, but to the continual use of food such as sago and fruits that are insufficiently nourishing.

The great crop here, as all around the Celebes, is the cocoanut, dried and shipped as copra. Every outgoing vessel carries it as cargo, and everywhere in the town and country it is seen drying in the dooryard. The boys climb the trees and drop the nuts, the women cut them up and dry them, the men pack them, the Chinese buy them, and the ships carry them away. The only amusing part of this work is watching the boys climb the trees. Their bare feet cling to the trunk of the tree like those of a frog, and while they hold with their hands, their legs double up, then straighten out and so lift the body two feet or more with every hitch. It is expert climbing that would not worry a monkey, but might a steeple-jack, or a mast-head sailor.

TRIBES AND TRAITS

Apropos of the tribes, of which mention has been made, it should have been said before (and is irrelevantly dragged in now) that one is a long

IN. JAVA

time in the Archipelago before he begins to realize the difference in the native tribes or peoples. The term *Malayan* is too general, too lacking in distinction. There are as many different peoples in the islands as there were different Indian tribes in the United States of America fifty years ago. And each speaks its own language. The Menadoese cannot understand the Buginese, nor the Gorontaloese the Ternatans, and all the Tomini Bay people differ one from the other in speech, manners and appearance. It is not possible to damn them all as Malaysians, or to praise them all as Celebans, or Moluccans. Of course, you can generalize about them, but you will find your generalizations are misleading if not fundamentally wrong. You will have to consider each tribe by itself.

Just so with the villages and ports and rural districts, that are no more than reflections of the tribes that built them and inhabit them. Nature lays the foundation and rears the superstructure, but the people make or mar the original plan, fitting it to their own uses. Due south from Gorontalo, across the mouth of Tomini Bay, lies the nature-made harbor of Pagimana. There are hills with high

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

mountains at the back, looking down in a great circle on as fine a harbor as the sun ever shone upon. The morning sun is shining almost always here, turning the green of the palm groves and the upland forests into tropical gold. And there is usually a flat sea, blue water in the depths, green water over the reefs, and, seen down through the green, the gardens of the sea embedded in coral. One could hardly imagine a finer landscape setting than just here.

And Pagimana—the human addition to nature—helps rather than harms the picture. The town is under a great grove of coconut and sago palms—a small village prettily bordering a wide avenue along the shore. The people look prosperous, and their homes are attractive in decorated gables, palm thatchings, screens, mats, gardens, fences. Nature has dealt kindly with them, and made easy living possible, but that has not meant poverty and want. A yield of one sago palm will almost keep a family in food for a year. Why then should “the poorest and meanest” of the community work unceasingly when he can live so easily with little labor? Wealth has not yet come in to plague him, nor nervous energy to exhaust him.

IN JAVA

The process of sago manufacture by the poorest and meanest is very primitive, but extremely ingenious in economy of means and materials. The whole heart of the sago palm is dug out of the trunk, pulverized, washed, screened, and packed, by and with implements made from other parts of the palm, or from bamboo. The wooden head of the little hatchet or mattock with which the cutting is done is lashed to a bamboo handle with bamboo strips, the leaves of the palm are twisted into a washing trough, and a bamboo cylinder is used to hold the finished product ready for shipment. The whole procedure looks very much like making something out of nothing. It is doubtful if the white man could teach the native much about picking a living out of his home land. He understands the life of the island, and how to turn it to his own usage better than any native I have seen elsewhere.

Some finches, a few swallows, doves, and parrots, with several varieties of snipe along the beach, put in appearances. An osprey is perched on a tree high up on the hillside overlooking the bay. He circled the ship several times early in the morning and showed a white head and body with gray

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

wings. The natives here call him a sea eagle. At the next stopping place he will have a different name. It is impossible to get the right names of birds, or trees, or flowers, from the natives. Each village will have a different name for the same bird or tree. As for the Europeans, they are more concerned with copra and florins than with natural history.

COPRA BARGAINING

The small towns about Tomini Bay are visited at least once a month by the coasting steamers. They usually bring with them a dozen or two dozen traders. These are almost always Chinese agents hailing from the larger ports of Menado, or Makassar. They do not come with bags of money. The islanders have less use for cash than for supplies. Much of the trading is mere frontier bartering—so many bags of rice for so many bags of copra, or bundles of rattans pitted against flour, or *sarongs*, or household wares. The traders bring in with them, or agree to deliver at a future time, such things as onions, matches, soap, cutlery, cotton goods; and the natives sell copra, rattan, ebony, hides, wax, gum, shells, resin.

The bartering is made with not a great deal of

IN JAVA

talk, but much standing about or sitting on heels, and vast contemplation of space, while each is waiting for the other to offer better terms. Then there is inspection, weighing, and sometimes grumbling, but usually good nature and mutual satisfaction prevail. Besides the Chinese, there are Arabs and Hindus who go ashore with peddler's packs and things to sell to the natives, Europeans who sell to the local dealers by samples, and agents of shipping firms, who are buying copra and other products in large quantity.

It is a simple enough process of barter, and yet the ramifications of it carry a bag of copra, or a bundle of rattan, through half a dozen hands before it finally is swung off the ship on the dock at Rotterdam or London. When the island end of the process is done with, the traders return to the steamer and take kindly to glasses of Dutch beer and substantial lunches. Those on shore probably stay their stomachs with simpler fare, or let down their nerves by music, or perhaps a whiff of opium in a pipe. I am told that opium-smoking among the Chinese is limited by the Government, but not prohibited. It is kept within bounds by licenses to dealers, who are allowed to sell only so much per

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

day. When the dealer dies his license cannot be renewed by his heir. In that way, it is believed the business will gradually die out. But, of course, there is opium-smuggling going on continuously among the island traders.

As for music, when we went ashore at Boenta, we were welcomed by a local drum and fife corps, playing with spirit and accuracy "Farewell, My Fatherland," and "Wilhelmus," the national air of Holland. The musicians were the remarkable part of this music. They were boys from seven to thirteen—a dozen of them—dressed in orange shirts and blue trousers (the colors of the Houses of Orange and Nassau) and their musical instruments were made, with some sort of knife, out of native woods. The fifes were cut from bamboos, the different sizes of the bamboo registering the required high or low; the drum was made with strips of bamboo and headed with a half-dressed cowhide; the cymbal was a broken door-bell dexterously beaten with a large nail. I cannot imagine a dozen boys in either Europe or America doing anything at all with such limited means. These natives astonish one with the way they make silk purses out of sows' ears.

IN JAVA

BOAT LANDINGS

Boenta, Taima, Lontio, Laboe, Tomean, Marowa are small places of call along the south side of Tomini Bay, with nothing very distinctive about them. They all bristle with cocoanut palms, and the inhabitants are makers and sellers of copra. When the steamer comes into view there is a quick gathering of the populace on the beach, and a flotilla of canoes soon comes out and surrounds the steamer. Boats are launched, cargoes are lowered, passengers and traders go ashore. Everything eventually gets to land on the backs of coolies, who wade out in the surf to the ship's boat and carry in a passenger with the same indifference as a bag of rice.

The surf was so high at one of the little roadsteads that every coolie wading out to the boat with a bag of copra on his shoulder had to be supported in the water by six other coolies. One boat capsized with thirty bags of copra. A Chinaman with four women went ashore in a sampan. The women were carried through the surf and got wet up to their knees; the Chinaman, having flung most

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

of his belongings ashore, jumped overboard and half swam, half waded to the beach. A red fez audience of nearly a hundred sat on their heels in a semi-circle on the beach and were much amused at this. Fifty yards away a half-dozen others in *fez* were kneeling on a heap of cocoanut husks, bowing toward Mecca and saying their evening prayers, quite oblivious of either the merriment of the one group or the chagrin of the other.

At Tobelombang a European company has a plantation of 67,000 cocoanut palms—the largest plantation in the Tomini Bay region. The company has some three hundred employees, who, with their wives and families, are living in huts of modern construction that are wholesome and sanitary. Everything, doctor included, is furnished the employees. There are improved methods of preparing and curing copra, machinery and system productive of economies, a well-ordered plant with some good side-industries such as the raising of cattle. But there are few bamboo-fenced gardens with flowers, no thatched huts, and little beauty in the costumes of the employees. There has been a gain in efficiency, no doubt, and also in hygiene, but with the loss of what a novelist would call "local

IN JAVA

color." European methods in the tropics may produce more money than the native methods, but they do not improve the landscape. It is possible to make a factory out of a palm grove but not to the advantage of the palm grove.

JUNGLE ECHOES

Down to the water's edge comes the jungle. The little settlements and plantations are merely small breaks in the shore line. There is great stillness upon the jungle as great calm upon the sea, but that does not always mean peace and safety. The sea has its sharks, the streams their crocodiles, and under the great sweep of the forest, reaching up and over the high mountain-tops, there are snakes that might cause even the stoutest heart an extra pulsation.

Yesterday at Marowa I walked back some distance into the hills, watching the parrots that went in pairs squawking overhead, glancing at a dark-red bird on a dead tree far up on the mountain side, yet always looking where I trod lest I should find a serpent under foot. In making a sharp turn in the trail a company of native soldiers came marching into view. There were some eight or

CÉLEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

ten men in green khaki, bearing guns, and headed by a sergeant. Behind them, carrying camping equipage, were four convicts. The convicts are frequently used as porters by the soldiers.

The company had marched from Posso across mountains and through the jungle some thirty miles, and had been several days on the trip. They had shot a deer and a large bird, that, from its wing feathers, looked to be some variety of turkey, perhaps a maleo. But these were gathered in merely to give fat and flavor to the daily dish of rice. Their chief catch was a python about twenty-five feet long, and as large around as the trunk of a small cocoanut palm. They had his skin with them—snake skins being not only marketable but valuable even in this end of the world. It seems that, unfortunately for the python, he had swallowed a wild pig shortly before the soldiers came along and was in no condition to make an active fight. The soldiers went at him with kris and sabre and soon had his head off. Had he been fighting on an empty stomach there might have been a different tale to tell.

IN JAVA

CROCODILES AND SHARKS

Trails usually run beside the mountain streams that come down to the sea, for, if there are natives living in the forest, they will build their bamboo huts along the stream banks. But there are crocodiles—both the big-head and the long-nose varieties—in these streams, and those who wade and those who wash along the banks keep their eyes open. I am a bit wary when near the water, even if only a few hundred yards from a native village; and I am still more wary about mud flats and mangrove swamps. Yesterday a young Chinaman on the ship showed me a leg that looked as though pieces had been chopped out of it with an axe. Four years ago in wading a stream near here, a crocodile had caught him by that leg. Twice he had torn himself loose, but was caught the third time. His cries brought several natives to his help and the crocodile was beaten off, but the man was about done for when the help arrived.

Two weeks ago, and two days before my arrival in Menado, five Japanese were fishing at the mouth of a near-by river, which had made a small bay in

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

the sea. They had set a net at the river's mouth and some of them had waded out and were beating the water, driving the fish toward the net. One of their number was attacked and badly mangled by a crocodile. The plucky little Japs were so angered by this that they went after the crocodile in the mud and water and killed him with their knives. But their companion died almost immediately. The sharp teeth of the crocodile had done their work as effectively as the knives of the men.

As for the sharks in the bays, there are stories that run around the coast faster than the sharks. They cannot all be groundless. The theorists who insist that the shark is a timid creature, never attacking a man in the water, and easily frightened by a little splashings, would not be listened to hereabouts. Too many natives have been pulled under with time only for a bubbling cry. And this out in harbors where crocodiles do not go and sharks are continuously seen. The captain of this steamer, the "Barantz," pointed out to me at Gorontalo a narrow strip of water between the steamer and the shore—not more than forty yards wide—and told me that two years ago four men from his ship were swimming across a similar strip to the

IN JAVA

shore and that one of them, his second engineer, was pulled under, crying for help, but was never seen again. If one does not believe the stories he must believe the sharks. For their fins are drying against the sides of warehouses in almost every one of the Tomini Bay towns. The Chinese and natives make soup out of them.

THE KILLER

The natives themselves, when under their village palm and vine, are not always as peaceful as when on a steamer's deck. They are usually very good-natured, but occasionally they will have disputes and quarrels among themselves, generally about some insignificant matter. But the quarrel sometimes ends with a knife in the back. The killer, if he is an outlier from the white settlements, may follow up his success by cutting off the head of his victim, even when he is not a head-hunter, and is not preserving heads as mementos of his prowess. The Government is naturally opposed to this method of settling disputes and sends an officer with one or two men after the killer. The arrest is usually made without difficulty, and often the prisoner is on half-parole while being

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

taken in for trial. He is usually surprised that any one should object to his way of settling a dispute.

A few days ago a sergeant in khaki came on the ship with several native prisoners he had captured single-handed. They all curled up on the deck together and went to sleep, the sergeant's rifle in easy reach of the prisoners. There was no attempt at escape. Later when I went out to have a look at them they rose and saluted as though I were their trial judge. What they were accused of I did not ask, but the usual offense is killing. Some of the people of the jungle can be quite as dangerous as the pythons or the crocodiles. But it should be said that murder is not a frequent happening—by no means so frequent here as in the United States of America.

THE WALLACE LINE

Every one who takes an interest in the animals of the Archipelago soon finds himself interested in the Wallace line. Many years ago the English naturalist, A. R. Wallace, drew the line across the map where he thought Asia broke off, and Australia began. The line ran down the Straits of

IN JAVA

Makassar, through the Straits of Bali-Lombok and into the Indian Ocean. Certain facts were grouped together by Wallace, and from the premises certain conclusions were reached. The variation in the sea soundings on the east side of the line was relied upon to prove that the ocean bed had undergone some mighty change just there. Sumatra, Java, Borneo, are on a sea shelf extending eastward from Asia. The shelf lies under the sea, about fifty fathoms down. But when it reaches the line—the middle of the Makassar Straits—it begins to break down into greater depths. This break, or variation, was thought by Wallace the result of a long line of volcanoes that had produced subsidence of the sea floor.

But the argument for an abrupt break was not too conclusive. The tides and the interchange of equatorial water with southern water through the Straits of Makassar and Lombok might easily have cut out deeper channels there than elsewhere. There are swift currents to-day in the Bali-Lombok Strait, so swift that the captain of this ship told me one night in Padangbai that he disliked to anchor there; but he added that the currents were swifter and stronger between Lombok and Soem-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

bawa though the water was not so deep. There is movement of water north and south just there which may have been responsible for past changes in channels and sea beds.

In the new museum at Batavia there has recently been placed a large relief map in colors of the whole Malay Archipelago, both land and sea. One can see upon it the breadth and extent of the great sea shelf extending down to the Makassar Straits region. When the Wallace line is reached the light blues (indicating the shallow seas) begin to be broken by darker blues (indicating the deep seas), that appear in strips and in round basins from a thousand to twenty-five hundred fathoms in depth. But the sea shelf runs on though streaked with dark blue channels and perforated with deep blue pot-holes. The Philippines at the north are connected with it by two submarine banks though otherwise surrounded by deep sea, and the Celebes and Moluccas rest upon it. There are round holes of blue in the centre of the Celebes and Molucca seas that might have been made by sea subsidence through volcanic action, as Wallace has contended; but the seas lying to the east—the Banda, the Timor, the Arafurda—are the same

IN JAVA

type of shallow sea as the Java and other seas to the west.

The case for a continental break was hardly proven from the sea depths and the ocean floor. The scientists of to-day still discuss it, though they do not wholly accept it. But Wallace had other arguments that were more conclusive. These were the abrupt changes in the flora and fauna at just this line. The flora of the Asiatic islands lying to the west was a special development of that prevailing from the Himalayas to the Malay Peninsula and China; the flora of the Australian islands lying to the east of the line was something decidedly different. There was a marked difference in the birds also, though these with their power of flight might be thought capable of passing over the line. But Wallace insisted that they were quite as much checked by a water barrier as the flora. His strongest argument was, however, with the animals.

He pointed out that the Asiatic animals, notably the larger beasts, the elephant, rhinoceros, tapir, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, apes, monkeys, were all west of the line; and the Australian animals, the kangaroos, wombats, lemurs, great lizards, os-

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

trices, were all east of the line. Moreover, he pointed out that each group ran close up to the line through the sea islands on either side, and that each then stopped abruptly, indicating that they were stopped by some deep ocean barrier just there. This argument has never been answered. Indeed, the facts have been accepted because they are unanswerable. What explanations of it are offered by modern zoologists, or geologists, I have not been able to learn, but I know that Wallace's theory is still discussed in scientific circles with both belief and doubt. It is too interesting, perhaps too true, to be allowed to die.

Outside of scientific groups I find almost every European in the Dutch East Indies knows about the line, likes to discuss it, perhaps exaggerates its significance, and often uses it to bolster up some wild-animal story that may be going the rounds of the dinner table or the local press. There are no tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, or orang utans east of the line in the Celebes, therefore there are enormous elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, and orang utans west of the line in Borneo. In Komodo there is the giant monitor lizard, therefore farther along in New Guinea there must be giant sea serpents.

IN JAVA

They must be there because all the big lizards are east of the line. Stories grow in the telling, and there are many told here in these islands.

ORANGS

In the Tomini Bay regions there are no orang utans, but all the Tomini Bay tribes have the story of the orang's enormous strength, of his carrying off natives into the jungle—a male orang always pouncing on a female native, or a great female orang kidnapping a male native—and of the hair-breadth escapes after many trials and dangers. The story is repeated, its truth never questioned, and each time it is told the size of the orang is magnified. He is usually declared to be as large as a gorilla.

There is perhaps greater faith to be placed in the story about the so-called orang-pendek, the supposed bushman of Sumatra. It is said that no one has ever seen him, but they have seen his foot-prints. And there is a story that the Chinese trade with him by placing rice and other foods in certain places in the forest frequented by the bushman, that the foods disappear in the night and that products of the forest, rattan, fruit, and woods, are

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

left in their place. At any rate, every one believes in the existence of the orang-pendek, and speculates upon his being the link between the orang utan and the orang-blanca (man). I am told the Dutch government has sent a scientific expedition into Sumatra to find out about him. But there has been no report from the expedition, if it ever went forth.

POSSO-PARIGI

In the cool of the morning, after a night at anchor in a bay, the captain generally goes ashore for a cargo inspection and a walk. Several of us go with him. We are objects of profound interest to the natives. They gather about us and stare unblushingly. Apparently no one among the natives lives beyond the age of fifty, and I, having gone past that figure, am regarded as perhaps the oldest man in the world. John the Baptist, fresh from the wilderness, and preaching from the steps of the Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, could attract no more attention. The captain, with his gold braid and epaulets, is probably regarded as some great Sultan coming out of the Sunset Land and we are his councillors and court attendants.

IN JAVA

We walk up the pretty tree-lined avenues of Posso, and behind every door-crack and through every bamboo screen, black eyes are watching us. There is some alarm. Children playing on the door-step run inside, bolt through the house, out the back door, and up into the bush. Even the dogs, chickens and goats scramble for safety. The Toradja people, who live twenty miles back in the interior and come walking into Posso with market produce on their heads, look at us with a wild surmise. They are a different tribe from any yet seen and are very primitive. Originally they were head-hunters and have only recently stopped the practice. Like all forest and mountain people they are rather small but well formed, and have a round-eyed animal stare that usually makes the white man look the other way. They wear a *se-rong* and *kabaya* in gay colors, speak little, and hold themselves somewhat aloof, though I am told the missionaries are now working among them with some success.

MOUNTAIN TIMBER

The large Posso River comes out to the sea at this place. It is a pure stream coming down from

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

a fine mountain country. Nothing could be more wildly beautiful than the high mountain ridges with conical peaks here and there that make up the sky lines of these bays. They are garmented in a green that is apparently everlasting, since it knows no change or fading. The density of the jungle foliage seems to increase along the ridges until the cocoanut groves along the shore become merely a thin border line between the green forest and the blue sea.

At Mapane and other small harbors the steamer will be taking on ebony grown here in the mountains and brought down to the coast with much labor. The logs are not more than twelve feet long and perhaps fifteen inches in diameter, but they are exceedingly heavy. They are too heavy to float and have to be buoyed out to the steamer by boats and then hoisted up and into the hold.

The canoes that come out to the ship at Parigi are long and wide, hewn out of large trees, and suggest the size of the timber to be found up in the mountains. They are without outriggers—the outrigger being a device to steady the narrow sampan or the seaguing sailing craft. A large tree, called by the natives a *hinoa tree*, grows here, and per-

IN JAVA

haps the trunks of it are used for the big canoes. It branches at the top in sharp right angles, making an effect somewhat like that of the Ravenna pine. It is very picturesque.

INCIDENTS

A fire-red sunset is followed by a postal-card moonlight, with a flat sea and a dark shore. In the morning we are stopping at another little roadstead, with a wooden pier, several large warehouses with corrugated iron roofs, a grove of palms, and a low, sandy shore. Out of the warehouses come bags of copra, and bundles of rattans—thousands of them. They are loaded into the ship's boats. Under the palms is the usual audience of natives idly watching the process of loading. On the ship there is the endless rattle of winches as they lift and lower. The hold of the ship seems a bottomless pit. It keeps gathering in but is never full.

Several of the young traders on the ship made up a hunting party last night. They went up in the bush in a cow-cart, with a jack-light, and shot at a pair of shining eyes beside the road. The eyes might have been those of a young heifer, or an old

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

goat, or even a native, but, as it turned out, the eyes were those of a deer. The native guide of the party told the young men that he knew the eyes belonged to a deer, because they shone green, whereas a cow's eyes always shine yellow. And they believed it. The Chinese cook cut out the tenderloin and served it for breakfast on wooden spits, not caring a rap whether it was beefsteak or venison, and caring still less about the capacity of eyes to throw green and yellow lights.

THE RAJAH OF TINOMBO

At Toeriboeloe the Rajah of Tinombo came on board. He was unattended except by his chauffeur, though making a semi-official call on the ship's captain. He was dressed in the white clothes that every one wears here, and, except for some white braid on his sleeve and a white *fez* indicating that he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, nothing about him suggested his rank. He bowed and shook hands cordially and was democratic but dignified—an intelligent-looking man of perhaps forty-five or more. It seems that he is the overlord of some fifty thousand natives living here,

IN JAVA

and he rules so wisely that the Dutch government has not as yet interfered with him. On the contrary, it upholds him and rules through him in accord with the present Dutch policy. He invited three of us to drive with him through part of his dominions. His Chevrolet being a bit small for five, he put his chauffeur on the running-board and drove the car himself. We went some eight miles over a good road, by native houses of good bamboo make, and were never out of sight of the cocoanut groves. In his twenty-seven years of administration the Rajah has had planted some two hundred thousand cocoanut palms. The Dutch traders figure the value to the native of each cocoanut palm at about two and a half guilders (one dollar American) per year.

In addition, the Rajah told us, there were thousands of cattle and horses in his country, with much wealth of rattans and ebony. He spoke of the big trees up in the mountains, of the forests of waringin and ironwood, of white-flowered binoia trees of enormous lift and bulk, of the deer and wild pigs in the bush, and of the hunting in the hills of a short-horned ibex. Smaller game, which we had passed on the way—a white-headed stork, a green

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

parrot, and a large iguano scuttling across the road—did not seem to interest him.

He took us to his capital, Tinombo, which was well laid out and prosperous-looking, and where the steamer had arrived before us and was taking on cargo. The town is at the mouth of a large river which comes down from the mountains with water cold as ice, though running under the equator. The Rajah's own house, where we stopped for half an hour, was just a shade better than others in the town, but he made no apology for it. He was evidently too good a democrat to wish exaltation above his fellows. Whatever his views on the rights of man he seemed to be held in great respect by his people. With the prosperity which he has been so instrumental in creating, it is doubtful if bolshevism—the Dutch bugaboo of the moment—can make much headway in his bailiwick.

CROP AND FOOD PROBLEMS

There is an island in Tomini Bay some sixty miles in circumference, with primitive harbors at Oenz-Oenz and Kololio. The shores on the south and east side are rather flat and lend themselves readily to cocoanut plantations. The cocoa-

IN JAVA

nut palms are there—many thousands of them—not only along the shore but back in the country. One man is said to own the majority of them. The story runs that some years ago there was an eruption from one of the small island volcanoes. It did no great damage, but gave the natives a great fright. Many left the island. Cocoanut trees were for sale cheap—twenty-five cents, Dutch currency, a tree. The present owner took a chance on the volcano, and bought trees heavily. To-day he is referred to as the island millionaire. I had the pleasure of meeting him. He gave no indication of wealth in his appearance. Many of the natives put their savings into gold teeth, but he did not display even that much. He wore a clean suit of linen—an extravagance vouchsafed to the humblest of the island dwellers—but was in no way conspicuous.

Perhaps he was bothered by the possibility of his fortune taking wings and flying away. It seems that the cocoanut palm has developed a pest. Some call it a red ant, and others a black beetle, but I believe there is still some uncertainty about the nature of the insect. But there is no uncertainty about the result of his operations. Thousands of

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

the cocoanut palms standing nearest to the seashore at Oena-Oena have turned brown in their fronds as though they had been scorched by fire. Back from the beach a hundred yards or more, they seem as yet unaffected, and those that have turned brown are still bearing nuts, but of an inferior quality. The damage thus far is not great, but there is fear for the future.

This is an illustration of one of Nature's most common revenges. Try to double or triple her normal output, and at once she objects, and sends in death to stop it. Death takes the form of the boll weevil, or the potato bug, or the grasshopper, or some other insect, scale, or parasite. Try to raise chickens by the thousands, and over night she sends in chicken cholera and kills by the thousands. In the over-populated islands of the Archipelago a few years ago, Nature reduced the native population by wiping out whole villages with influenza. It would seem that she is continually admonishing, and by example saying: Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. And now she is saying it about the over-worked banana and the cocoanut palm.

There is always peril hanging over the one-crop country. The one crop is usually a gamble crop.

IN JAVA

If it wins out at a high price in the market, the profits are large; if it loses through low prices every one has to suffer. If it loses through fire, flood, drought, or disease, the consequences may be serious. A famine may follow. In going about the West Indies for two winters I saw, at every turn, the growing of such gamble crops as sugar, cocoa, sea-island cotton and the neglect of growing beans, onions, maize, and other vegetables that the natives could eat. The West Indies, after two hundred years of Spanish, French and English occupation, are still the most poverty-stricken of colonial possessions. The black field hand has not enough to eat, nothing to wear, and merely a bamboo chicken coop over his head. His employer gives him from twenty to forty cents a day, and then washes his hands of responsibility for his keep. He can eat bananas in the bush and sleep ten in a row on the floor for all the employer cares.

The result is that the under-fed, under-nourished black has no resistance power against disease, and dies quickly when attacked by measles, alastrim, pneumonia or tuberculosis. Financially the West Indies may pay the over-seas owners a dividend from year to year, but the dividend really

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

comes out of the black rather than out of the crop. He fares badly—perhaps worse to-day than under slavery, when at least he had to be fed with the other animals.

The Dutch in their East Indian islands have a policy just the opposite of this. They look after the welfare of the natives first and foremost. The diversified crops of Java, Sumatra, Bali put danger of complete failure beyond possibility. Java with its huge population of over thirty millions is practically self-supporting, grows enough of almost everything except rice to feed its people. It sometimes imports small quantities of Indian rice, though this is more of an exchange than an import, for some of Java's finest rice is sent out of the country each year, and British Indian rice brought in to take its place. But Java grows many things besides rice, and is in no great danger from any one-crop failure.

The islands at the north are not so intensively or variously cultivated as Java. There is dependence upon copra, rattans, ebony, hides, but not an absence of maize, onions, sweet potatoes—many garden growths. They import rice and other food-stuffs, but they still have food resources in sago,

IN JAVA

vegetables, fruits, cattle, goats. They are not so self-sustaining as Java, though it is the policy of the Government to make them so, and year by year they are becoming so. Still, with disaster threatening their cocoanuts, there are some serious faces. The cocoanut (and its product, copra) has proved a god-send to native and European alike, and no one cares to contemplate its passing out or even its waning yield.

WILD GROWTHS

The crop life here under cultivation has its troubles, but it would seem at first blush that nothing bothers the wild growths under the equator. The sea grape with its purple morning-glory flower grows over any new spit of sand, and runs on forever; the mangrove apparently has no parasite to worry it, and the great binoia and waringin trees have for enemies only fire and the axe. Under the warm sun and in the moist air of the tropics all green things seem to unfold like the banana, and to spread out like the taro. They grow and reach and grasp toward the sun as though there were some salvation in the light. But doubtless they have their enemies. The devices put out by them

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

for gaining moisture, for stopping excessive evaporation through their leaves, for warding off insects by pungent odors, all suggest that there is a struggle for life even here, where conditions seem so favorable.

Plant life grows faster, freer, more luxuriously in the tropics than in the temperate zones, but it also dies faster. Every river coming down from the hills brings on its surface quantities of dead leaves, and the depth of humus in the soil indicates that the vegetation has been dying and packing down into great strata for centuries. It is from that dead vegetation of the past, combined with volcanic soil, that Java is to-day growing great crops of sugar and rice. Come and go. The scene is one of perpetual change.

A crumpled dead leaf on the steamer's deck seems to cling to the flooring in spite of a stiff breeze. It holds fast so persistently that finally I wonder about it, and get up to have a closer look at it. But it is not a leaf: it is a gray butterfly. Not only his coloring protects him, but the very cut of his wings and their curl-up are like a scared leaf. This is a butterfly world, the place where every circumstance should favor him, and yet it

IN JAVA

seems he is in need of protective color and pattern to save him from his enemies. And Nature that gave him that disguise of form and color was, in the same breath, making an enemy that could penetrate it! Strange world of life and death, planning growth and destruction alike for plant and animal and man!

ARENAS

The sea, restlessly and unceasingly beating in on this coast of rock and lava, finds fissures and blow-holes in the rock into which it works, carrying with it sand as its cutting edge. The rub and rasp of the sand-laden waves, working always with a side thrust in and another side thrust out, finally wears away the hardest rock, and produces the arena—the sickle-shaped beach of sand. This is the natural bay or harbor, where the exploring native first drags up a canoe, builds a hut, plants things to eat, and eventually puts out coconut palms. These arena beaches, fringed and bordered by coconut palms, are along almost every shore in the Celebes. When the plantations in one spot become numerous a small town starts up, with Chinese shop-keepers buying and selling, and

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

trading steamers stopping for copra. Such places are Kota-Boena, Totok, Belang, Minanga—very pretty little towns set in charming surroundings by the shores of beautiful water.

At Belang several volcanic peaks come into view—Sapoetan, about 6,000 feet, and Manimporok, about 5,000 feet, in height. They are tepee-shaped, and guttered on the sides like ill-burning candles. The first named is almost without trees or forests, as though some eruption in recent years had burned off the timber. It is always smoking a little on its western side, and has sent forth lava and ashes within the last decade. But most of the peaks, like Koruve, 10,000 feet, the highest one in the Celebes, have been riding through the clouds for many years without a sign or hint of volcanic fire.

WOMEN OF BANK

For the second time the steamer passes through the Straits of Banka, and stops at Menado, where a number of natives and Chinese come aboard and settle down between decks. There are some others, of more means, perhaps, that come into the first cabin. Among them two women immediately at-

IN JAVA

tracted attention not only by their bearing, but by the beauty of their costumes. One was a native young woman with the blackest of eyes and hair, and a round face that showed not too well in profile, but was mobile and very expressive. When she laughed she showed pretty teeth, looked vivacious, and flung her head back with an air. She had a youthful figure, with rather plump hands and feet—in fact, she had no angle lines, but rippled everywhere with flowing lines.

But she first attracted attention by her pretty clothes and the careless grace with which she wore them. Her *kebaya*, or sleeved jacket, was a claret or garnet-red silk, and her *sarong* was orange with a repeated note of wine-red in the border. Her bare feet were thrust into high-heeled gold slippers, and she had flashing jewels on her fingers and in her ears.

She was a very "smart"-looking young woman that you would not for a moment mistake for a cinema star or a dancer. For a native she had a good deal of reserve, and looked through you and beyond you rather than at you. At dinner she sat with her mother at a separate table. The captain told me they had asked for it. He also informed

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

me that she was a Rajah's daughter, and had the rank of a native princess. With her mother she was going to Batavia.

The other young woman was quite the opposite of the Rajah's daughter. She apparently harked back to some Chinese ancestor, but I did not learn that she was the daughter of a mandarin, or that she had married into any of the nine ranks of Kwan. On the contrary, I was told she was the youngest daughter of a well-to-do Chinese merchant in the Celebes and had married a small government official. But there was blood and breeding in her looks and carriage. She was a little thin, a trifle sharp in the clear-cut profile, a bit pallid in the cheek, and dark in the hair and eyes. She sat with her husband opposite me at table and I could not help noticing her thin aristocratic hands and the pretty way she handled her knife and fork. Also that she had small ears, and (afterward on deck) that her bare feet in slippers were as slim as those of an Egyptian princess.

Her dress was less striking than that of the Rajah's daughter, but quite as tasteful—a blue *kabaya* with a Chinese-yellow *sarong* that was blue-bordered. She was very reserved and dignified,

IN JAVA

a person of distinction, perhaps without knowing it, to the manner born and yet showing it quite unconsciously. Some air of refined ancestry was about her that contrasted sharply with the barbaric in the Rajah's daughter.

I am not drawing any moral or conclusion from this contrast, and, for the present, am content merely to note it, but perhaps I may insist upon its meaning hereafter. For the tale comes from every quarter of the islands of the likenesses and the differences in the races and individuals. There is the savage, the barbaric, and the civilized mixed in together, crossed in blood, and revitalized by marriage. There is the native islander set over against the earliest invaders, and then their final amalgamation and blending to produce a new race; but long years afterward the savage in the one and the civilized in the other keep cropping out in the types and characteristics of the newer generations. We shall perhaps see them better exemplified hereafter in the Balinese.

MORE ISLANDS

Islands! More islands! We are moving down the western coast of the Celebes, but along every

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

coast in the Archipelago are these isolated, tenantless islands. Green-gold islands set in a green-blue sea, precious colors in the tropic girdle of the world that no one sees or cares about! The islands exist because the sea has not yet worn them down. And the trees and flowers upon them grow in the warm light because they enjoy growing and spreading their fragrance upon the air. That was the destiny prepared for them from the beginning.

Nature apparently knows nothing of progressive evolutions or development of new species. She repeats the type. And foreordains the following of tradition. No more does Nature know moral codes or spiritual uplifts. They are not of her making. She is merely the great giver of life and death, and by the alternation of one with the other she maintains the existing order—the energy, the virility, and the beauty of the world.

Islands in the moonlight! A moonlight that casts a yellow pathway on the sea! And around the wide circle of the horizon, reaching up in towers and spires toward the zenith, great cumulus clouds. All the night through they keep boiling up and mushrooming out into fantastic shapes. They flatten at the bottom and perhaps trail gray

IN JAVA

sheets of rain, they spread into thin veils up at the top and drift across the moon, making that orb look pale and watery. Lunar rainbows, distant flashes of lightning, patches of blue-black sky in between, and underneath, spreading out endlessly, the glimmer and the shimmer of the sea. The soft breath of the northwest wind pushes at the black smoke from the steamer's stack—pushes it off to the east, the engines throb, the lights shine port and star-board. Passengers and crew are asleep.

The following night the steamer is still moving down the Straits to Makassar. A light wind is following after and the heat is oppressive. The black smoke from the stack is rising straight into the air. A dying twilight lingers in the west and an early moonrise is growing in the east. The moon is orange-red and is in an envelope of blue-purple air—the most theatrical moon ever seen off the stage. It casts a red-orange track down a blue-black sea. The Malay crew, driven out by the heat, has come up from below with its mats and spreads itself out on the hatches. It is already asleep with naked arms and shoulders half modelled out by the moonlight. How still the dark figures lie, and how easily they rest!

CELEBES, BORNEO, MOLUCCAS

After midnight I come out again to have a further look at them. Not one of them has moved a toe or a finger. The moon is still shining on them. Their black tousled hair glitters and their white teeth shine. They lie as still as the dead. They are not worried by their possessions or unhappy over their social status. They can sleep. The black smoke is still ascending toward the stars. There is no sound save the rush of water from the shoulder of the ship and the dull beat of the engines.

PART III

BALI

BALI

EAST OF BALI

From Makassar the ship goes straight across the Flores Sea, and at daylight we have picked up the coast of Soembawa. The captain had received word to make a special stop at Soembawa Harbor to take on one hundred and twenty buffaloes and some dozens of horses. These coasting vessels of the K. P. M. carry passengers and look after them very well, but their main affair is to carry cargo. They are cargo hunters, and wherever cargo is accumulated there the steamers drop anchor, lower boats, and start the winches.

It matters little the kind of cargo offered. The winches can lift anything, from an egg to an elephant, without breakage. The heavy barrel-bellied buffaloes (*carbos* or *kerbaus*) came up an almost perpendicular gang-plank that would bother a tourist to climb, with only two out of a hundred falling overboard. Those two swam to the shore half a mile away, were caught there and

IN JAVA

brought back to try the plank a second time. The nimble little horses walked up the plank without accident of any kind.

The peak of Tambora on Soembawa shows clean-cut against the early morning sky, without a cloud near it. The great taluses of it reach down and across many miles of unbroken forest. The whole island looks untenanted by man and given over to the undisturbed growths of nature. There are some natives living there but few, if any, Europeans. I am told that the island is quite as wild as it looks. Troops of small horses roam the forests in certain districts, and are occasionally caught by the natives for export, and droves of wild hogs run almost everywhere in the hills. Deer are plentiful which makes good hunting for the pythons, but the tigers respect the scientific barrier of the Wallace line and keep on the Java side of it. Strange tales come out of that great forest region, but almost all of them are believable. It is still a primitive wilderness.

The ship stops again at Soroeng-Doekoeng for copra and pigs, and from the roadstead in the early morning the high peak of Rindjani again appears, and this time free of clouds. It is a little disap-

BALI

pointing because it is merely a high peak surrounded by other peaks and because it is not seen in cone outline on a broad platform.

Perhaps, too, the presence of another peak lying back of us to the west, rather dims the glory of Rindjani. This second mountain stands by itself and shows the perfect cone-shape from base to summit. The whole top of it glows like red-hot iron in the fiery orange light of dawn, while the lower part of it is still wrapped in a violet-purple. This is the Peak of Bali, which, if I am not mistaken, is identical with Agoeng, the great mountain on the eastern end of the island of Bali.

APPROACH TO BALI

For the third time we are skirting this island and dropping anchor in Padangbai. The shore line and mountains are not like those of Lombok just across the Strait. They are more abrupt, and less timber-clad. The timber on the east coast of Bali has been much cleared off, and crop plantings in squares and terraces are everywhere, apparent, sometimes running high up on the mountain sides. The taluses sweeping down from the mountains to the sea have tremendous reach and are cut by

IN JAVA

deep parallel gorges. High ridges alternating with deep valleys make great slashes of light and shade, and give an Alpine character to the east and northeast coasts.

But these slopes are also broken in places by craters now worn down or overgrown by foliage. They are of all sizes. The arena beaches and harbors on the east side seem little more than defunct craters with the side to the sea missing. Padangbai is of this description—merely a quarter circle indentation of the coast line. Very beautiful, in both form and color, are these crater harbors and beaches. Bali, seen from the sea, is perhaps the most beautiful of all the islands.

Nothing could be more splendid than the Peak of Bali as seen coming up from Lombok. It is almost always supreme in light and color. Yesterday morning it was fire-tipped, but in the evening with clouds about its base, it looked like a silver pyramid resting on opalescent clouds. Seen from Padangbai it is less symmetrical in form, but in the morning light it lifts and looms enormously. It is 10,400 feet in height, and the last thousand feet are devoid of timber. It is deeply gorged on the sides and has dark spots showing

BALI

here and there that may be the dead blow-holes of past volcanic activity.

The north-east coast of Bali is marked by long slopes running in great diagonal profiles from the mountain tops to the sea. These enormous slides, showing where the Peak of Bali, for example, has been pushing out and flattening down for centuries, are very impressive in their sweep, their checkered growth, their splendid golden green. This is the view that travellers, coming up from Australia, see first, and about which they are very enthusiastic. Bali is at once declared to be the most wonderful of all the islands.

Perhaps it is—at least the wonder does not die out on closer acquaintance. One goes ashore at Boeleleng, submits to the suggestion of the tourist agency there, and allows himself to be hustled around the island in an automobile, like a rider in a whirligig, and yet still comes away with an impression of beauty, perhaps seen only out of the tail of his eye as he turned this sharp curve, or shot down that precipitous valley.

IN JAVA

BOELELENG AND THE ROAD

Every one goes ashore at Boeleleng, but drives at once to Singaradja, a mile or more inland, the largest and most important, but not the most attractive, place on the island. That is not to say that Boeleleng lacks in interest. The Dutch Residency is there, and that perhaps gives the place an official air compared with say, Dan Pesar, at the south of the island. It has good streets, is somewhat imposing in its official buildings, and has a large native population, with types that are quite as fine as those seen elsewhere. But the native life is not so frankly natural as at Dan Pesar. There is here less abandon and more reserve, as though the presence of officialdom and Europeans had caused the natives to retire within themselves.

One goes to the south of the island by first going to the west, following along the shore under groves of cocoanut palms, through which appear glimpses of the sea. The road is good, and the trees on either side make the shaded avenue, which is everywhere a beauty of the island landscape. Native villages, with kampong walls or

BALI

fences, appear and disappear, and native life, afoot or astride, is moving along the roads to and from the markets. Men in coolie hats of varied patterns, and loin cloths or *sarongs* of varied colors, are carrying varied plunder on their heads, or on bamboo poles swung from the shoulders. There are some horses and a few bullock carts, but the native himself is the principal beast of burden. Singly or in numbers, they pack on their backs or heads everything from ducks in a basket to pigs in bamboo, from copra in bags to sugar cane in long bundles.

The women are the chief head-bearers, and carry their burdens in basket or package poised on a round coil of cloth (*ikat kepalla*) placed on the head. About Singaradja they dress in *sarong* and *kabaya* with sometimes a scarf around the head or shoulders, but as one gets up in the mountains and over toward the south side of Bali, the jacket and scarf disappear, and the native women of all ages go stripped to the waist. They wear only a brilliant-patterned *sarong*, though occasionally one sees a gaily-colored scarf (*solendang*) draped from the head, but worn only as protection from the sun. The little girls are

IN JAVA

dressed in the same way, but the small children usually wear nothing at all.

The women, doing most of the produce carrying, are almost always seen coming and going along the roads, usually in threes and fours, in Indian file, swinging their long arms and moving like animated caryatides. They preside over the market stalls, and every village seems crowded with them in street or square or market. One wonders about both men and women as to when they go home, and if they have much home life. The houses in the kampongs are small and not very well built, but every little wall seems to have an imposing brick or stone portal, to which is attached some religious significance. Often, almost always, there is a little temple or shrine within the kampong walls.

TEMPLES

The temples, with dragons, gods, and demons appear frequently throughout the island and are often referred to as things hewn out of stone and of high artistic quality. The statement seems not entirely correct. The decorative patterns in relief along the walls and around the doors, with

BALI

the beadings and mouldings, are effectively done, but they are carved out of closely packed native clay, baked in the sun, and set in the wall space with poor plaster. They are not technically wonderful. The flower and leaf patterns of the shutters, piers, and gilded columns are, however, carved out of wood in low relief, and are done with skill and beauty. The single figures of gods and demons are cut in the round, but out of the same native clay as the small patterns. They are no better or worse than the smaller work. The ornamental patterns in red-brick color seem fired like the bricks, and are harder than the gray-figured pieces.

All the temples are elaborate in ornamentation, and often imposing, the one at Dan Pesar, for example, where the walls and platforms have bulk and mass, and where the brickwork is well done. Every temple has its entrance door or portal with waving flame patterns at the top or sides of it. There are steps without, leading up and through, and steps within leading down and in. The ornament carries along the walls, and one of western training might think it a trifle fantastic, but it seems to belong to the place and people and, if

IN JAVA

we understood their religion, we should probably find it well adapted to express or illustrate that religion. The construction of the buildings is good except that many of the foundations are not well planned, and some of the structures have sagged or settled.

I did not find any worshippers in or about these Bali temples, though I am told the people keep their Hindu faith and are rather impervious to the missionaries of other faiths. Along the roads, in the rice fields, in the burial-places, little shrines are set up and offerings are made to the gods. The rice field in particular is safe-guarded, not only by the small boy who pulls wires that shake branches and thus frightens away the birds, but by the altar where offerings are made to keep away the devils.

RICE TERRACES

The rice field or *sawah* is seen everywhere, and all over the island, and rice is the mainstay of the natives. The *sawahs* lie in flat squares or checks as you move out from Singaradja, but as soon as you begin to climb into the mountain region the terraces begin. The arrangement and building of these terraces, their levelling and ditching for irri-

BALI

gation, seem quite perfect. They are not only effective from the engineering and the agricultural point of view, but they are so symmetrical, so beautiful in curved dikes, so compelling in their repeated lines that they are artistic. Still more. They pile up in a series of great steps that perhaps support some platform-like terrace and give one the feeling of things monumental. Add to this the color of the rice in various stages of growth and you have something that seems like beautiful landscape-gardening rather than mere growing of crops. The *sawahs* are additions to the landscape from any point of view.

But the country itself, without the native or his doings, is very beautiful. Its volcanic cones give the island height, the shores running out flat for many miles into the Indian Ocean at the south, give it sweep, and the canyon valleys give depth, light, shade, color. Your car winds and twists along the ridges, makes quick turns over bridges or along mountain walls until finally at Tabanan you are high enough to get great views of the Java Sea at the north, and the Indian Ocean at the south. On the way you have passed thousands of rice terraces, long groves of cocoanut palms,

IN JAVA

great forest trees under which coffee is growing, vast ranks of wild flowers in the hedges, groups of beautiful fawn-colored, round-eyed cattle, white-rumped like antelopes, and around their necks tinkling bamboo bells. And, *per contra*, you have seen perhaps a plenty of hollow-backed pigs, worthless cur dogs, flocks of voracious white herons in the rice fields, with hoodlum red-headed finches and commonplace mina birds. Besides there are said to be tigers up in the forests, but they do not come down to welcome the traveller.

You go on down the southern slope, having passed the high village of Tabanan, and are only half an hour from Dan Pesar. As you proceed there seems to be an increasing file of women with baskets on their heads, and men driving horses or leading cattle carts. Both men and women apparently grow more superb in physique as you go on. You may spend weeks in Bali without seeing man, woman or child with knock-knees, or bowed legs, or pigeon-toes, with humped back or crippled arm or twisted neck. Their arms are long and slim, their backs and shoulders are rightly muscled and modelled, their heads and throats well set and rightly placed. The only badly set-up people

BALI

that I saw in Bali were Dutch officials and American tourists. The Balinese are quite perfect in type and development.

BEAUTY OF THE BALINESE

And so it comes about that the greatest interest in Bali for the traveller lies in the Balinese themselves, their natural beauty, their fine detachment from western civilization, their naïve unconsciousness of their own qualities. They are superb from the painter's and the sculptor's point of view, and for the time being that is the only way I care to see them. The type at its best is more than half Egyptian, or at the least, has strong analogies with the types of ancient Egyptian art. I do not mean that there is, or ever was, any actual relation between this Oriental people and the ancient Egyptians, but merely that there is similarity of type.

The Balinese man is tall, broad in the shoulders, slim in the hips, flat in the stomach, long of leg, thin in the foot. He has a way of placing his feet one ahead of the other in profile, and he swings his long arms, and squares his hands and fingers in the hieratic manner seen in the Egyptian tomb frescos at Saccarah. The Balinese woman is of

IN JAVA

corresponding proportions, beautifully developed in arms, shoulders, back, breasts, stomach and feet. Hundreds of them are perfect enough to go into the front row of a majestic Balinese ballet. But it is to be hoped they never will.

There is, of course, variation in the head. Some of them are savage, or fierce-looking, but then, again, some of them are pharaonic-looking, that is, they resemble that great granite pharaoh in the Louvre—Chephren. The resemblance is intensified when the Balinese man wears a head-covering to ward off the dirt and dust of what he is carrying. These head-coverings are laid flat across the forehead and fall down on the shoulders in ends like the Egyptian *klaft*, and throw the features out in a profile that might do for a Thothmes or a Tut-Ahnk-Amen. Some great ancestor of the race seems to come out in them then and there, but whether this is distant inheritance or near-by environment will probably never be determined. It is sufficient for us, perhaps, to note the mere resemblance in type.

Even in color there ■ continuance of Egyptian resemblances. The hair is black, long, straight, twisted into a knot at the back, or half hidden by

BALI

a handkerchief rolled into turban form. Their eyes are black and often piercing. The skin varies from a dark sun-brown to a bronze red and to a golden yellow. There is no coarseness about it except with some of the older people who have worked hard for years. With the young women it is fine in texture, almost satin-like, and free from any wrinkles, moles or hairs.

This fine flesh coloring—and I have failed to describe it adequately—is set off by gay *sarongs* held at the waist and falling to the ankles. The women, perhaps more than the men, have a genius for combining colors appropriate to themselves. Both the pattern and color of the *sarong* are carefully thought out. The color may be subdued red or old gold or apple green, but it is usually accented by a sash or belt of vivid crimson or orange or canary yellow, that gives a little scream to the combination. Perhaps it is repeated or complemented by another lively note in the head-dress or handkerchief-twisted turban (called by the natives an *oedeng*). The color combinations are endless and often very effective. This morning I saw a tall beauty wearing a black *sarong* with an orange sash at the waist and a green head-

IN JAVA

dress. Perhaps she was a widow in mourning, or doing some temple penance, but her costume was effective enough for a Sultan's reception.

Along the country roads leading into the markets, carrying on their heads baskets of fruit or vegetables or coffee or tapioca, these fine types of women move easily with swinging arms and legs in measured motion. They are superb in every way and apparently no one ever told them that, for they are childishly unconscious. Perhaps they are a little shy when they pass you, looking at you only out of the corner of their eye, putting a hand up to their mouth with half hesitation or bashfulness, but moving on swiftly and gracefully. And they never dreamed of being part of the landscape, fitting into their environment, and making the high spot of light and color in the picture. It probably never occurred to them that they were picturesque, or statuesque, or colorful. They move on in reds and oranges, in greens and golds, in magentas and lilacs as though it were all in the day's work, merely a matter of course.

Their fine form and movement are susceptible of explanation; they are in fact, quite easily accounted for. The Balinese are children of the

BALI

earth. They wear as little clothing as possible. Their movements are not trammelled by garments above the waist, or by shoes upon the feet. And again, they are carriers of burdens upon the head. That develops the neck and back muscles. It is not possible to carry a-hundred pounds of coconuts on the head without keeping a straight back and neck and firm legs and feet. You can swing your arms slowly, and move your eyes quickly, but you cannot turn your head or body quickly. Those movements must be slow, measured, reserved.

THE STATUESQUE FIGURE

You thus have, quite unconsciously perhaps, developed a statuesque bearing. It is a perfectly natural bearing without a trace of art or artifice about it. A Balinese beneath my window has, for some days, been drilling holes in an old mortar foundation which is to be blasted out of the way. He is using a long hand-drill, fashioned like a crow-bar. It is hard work, even for his well-developed muscles, and every few minutes he stops, resting with his hands upon the bar, and looking out at the far Indian Ocean. His spread legs and long arms, his square shoulders and round-pro-

IN JAVA

filed head, as he stands there, are somehow faint reminders of Donatello's St. George, but with every difference in favor of the Balinese native. The Donatello by comparison seems stiff and awkward, a good deal posed; but the man with the drill is purely natural, naked but for a loin cloth, unthinking, and unaware that I am watching him. He stands or bends or turns not to meet or fulfil a sculptor's need for a sculpturesque pose, but to meet the muscular demand of the moment.

Here, then, is the real man, beside which the triumphs of the sculptor's art are mere manikins beaten into a semblance of life by conventional workshop methods. It matters little what sculptor or what age you have in mind. The mature classical formula of Praxiteles was graceful but not the less a convention. The so-called realism of Donatello was, in fact, a mediæval romanticism, akin to that of Botticelli, and again based in a convention of the time. As for the latter-day naturalism of Rodin, Bourdelle, Epstein, Mestrovic it is largely a convention of awkwardness put out to offset the classical convention of grace, with the one quite as much of a pose as the other. The model is always too conscious of grace or of awk-

BALI

wardness; the sculptor is always too conventional, influenced by tradition, or anxious to demonstrate certain new art standards of his time. But my Balinese driller is the reality itself, with never a thought of art, or a flicker of pretense, or any stamp of an artistic period.

The same story is told here in color as in form. Gauguin, with his South Sea islanders enclosed in broad rims of red, studied and posed for awkwardness, and overmodelled to fall forward out of the envelope, shows again merely an opposing convention. It is said to be primitive, archaic, man-before-the-flood art, but, Heaven save the mark! it is merely the last artistic artifice—a conscious attempt at the unconscious, a deliberately planned dash at the naïve. The natural is not necessarily the essential in art, as every one knows, but if the artist conjures with it (as Gauguin and all the Post-Impressionists) then let him stick to the truth of the model—the general truth and not some over-emphasized phase of outline or roundness of form or flatness of color.

Here along the island roads move types measurably approached to the South Sea islanders, but they are not boneless masses of red blubber

IN JAVA

posing in front of a palm, and bulging out of the landscape. Perhaps a girl comes swinging along the road with a basket of fruit on her head. She wears an orange-hued *sarong* with some sort of red sash caught at the waist. She has a red bean necklace around her throat, and silver bangles on her wrists. Under the palms and by the fields of yellowing rice she is a bit of color that lends accent to the landscape. But she knows nothing about classic grace or primitive awkwardness, no more than a jaguar in the jungle. She is purely natural, belongs to the soil, and is picturesquely naïve and beautiful without knowing it.

There you have the unconscious again, the non-conventional, nature without modification or distortion by artistic formula or personal equation. Art, in any attempt to reproduce such a scene, is hopelessly handicapped. You could not, with all the paints in Christendom, reach such height of color. The chemical combination of nature is not possible of recombination in art, and no matter whose formula is used, the result is only a success (if at all) by suggestion. The formula of Courbet, or Manet, or Gauguin is almost as halting as that of the Greeks, or Giotto, or Raphael. The

BALI

most that any artist can do is to transpose the scale of color and light to a lower key, and suggest form by old or new artifices. In doing that the spirit and life of the translation counts for more than the thing translated. Classicism, romanticism, realism, naturalism, impressionism—they are merely recognized formulas or methods of translation, and each in its turn has outlived its day, and been superseded by some newer convention.

Nature! Well, nature is the inspiration of art, to which my roadside beauty, in her orange *serong*, adds merely an extra thrill. If the painter is a true poet perhaps he will make you feel the thrill by his translation of that orange hue, or the golden light, or the bamboo shadow, but that is about all. He will not attempt any deceptive realization of details of the surface, or tactile values of form, or cubic relations of the mass, or primitive truths of the outline. Truth to nature in art is merely relative and truth to art can get on without it.

And while I bother about art terms the Balinese walk the roads and fields wholly ignorant of theories, careless of what constitutes beauty, entirely oblivious of their part in either the picture or the Plan. That is one reason why they are, from a

IN JAVA

picturesque point of view, so superb. They are merely fine form and color in the sunlight of a tropical landscape. Had they no other mission in life—no other reason for existence than a bird of paradise—would that not be sufficient? Did not the Great Goddess, Nature, so fore-ordain, so design, so circumscribe, so glorify?

GIANJAR

One goes away from Dan Pesar with regret because it is the best place to see the singularly attractive Balinese people. But the tyranny of the automobile and steamer requires that you move on and that you keep moving in a circle as the tourist bureau directs, and as the island roads invite.

In the cool of the early morning you are rushed down long avenues of trees and by stretches of kampong walls, over excellent roads and bridges, by markets, temples, cocoanut groves, through valleys and across streams, and into open country, all on your way around by the south of the island to Gianjar. The road is alive with people coming and going to market, carrying things on their heads or balanced across their shoulders on a bamboo pole. There are a few bullock carts, some horses,

BALI

and the usual supply of dogs, pigs, goats and chickens in the road.

The rice terraces again begin to appear, though the country still holds practically flat. Maize, taro, peanuts, tobacco are growing to the right and left, and there are other garden crops of beans, yams, and the like; but rice is always the main crop. Beyond and above the rice terraces there presently moves into the picture a new side of the Peak of Bali, and in the opposite direction a far view of the sea—the far-reaching, always sublime Indian Ocean.

Gianjar and Kloeng-Kloeng prove rather attractive towns. There is a Rajah's palace, with a water garden, at Kloeng-Kloeng, both in the Balinese style. The palace is now used as a court of justice—the Rajah having passed out, probably for his country's peace. But the palaces, things of the past in a way, are still present in bulk, and attract attention. There is a large one at Bangli, in the style of the temples, also a large market, and many shops. As we pass through the town a native drum corps, at the head of a banner-bearing procession, is going to a wedding or some other festivity that calls for drums and dress.

IN JAVA

The road rises into the mountains through bamboo forests. Great gorges cut through here and there. High bridges are necessary. We are climbing along ridges, gaining long views at the turnings of the road, rising into a cool mountain air.

At the small village of Panelokan we stop for a first view of Mount Batoer (7,350 feet). It is a still-smoking volcano, with two craters. The last eruption was in 1926. That was severe enough to wipe out a native village. The dark lava streams still show just how and where they moved, where they chilled into slag and finally stopped. They are not "black" as is usually stated, but a fine dark purple. Both the lava streams and the two blow-holes in the side of the peak are a bit forbidding. By contrast, Lake Batoer, lying to the right of the mountain, has a beautiful surface, and, like all crater lakes, reflects the sky in wonderful blues. Across the lake is Mount Abang, rising from the water in abrupt walls.

VOLCANOES

The two mountains and the crater lake are only a small part of what was once an enormous crater. Where you stand, where the village of Panelokan

BALI

stands, is the ridge (or western wall) of a crater many miles in diameter. Follow the ridge around to the right and left and you will have no difficulty in making out the circling walls. The circumference of this larger and much older crater is staggering. The two mountains, Batoer and Abang, with the beautiful lake, were not the cause but the result arising from an early eruption of tremendous proportions. The mountains were made by eruptions that took place inside the larger crater. Lava and ash were piled up into huge ant-hill cones and the Mount Batoer lava-flowings finally pushed the crater lake over against the wall of Mount Abang. At least, such seems to have been the happenings of past years if one can trust his rather superficial observations.

You move on for miles along the western edge or ridge of the greater crater until you come to Kintamani, about 4,500 feet up, where there is an excellent rest-house, and far views to be had in almost every direction. Mount Batoer and the lake appear again, and through the clear mountain air you see, away to the south, the Indian Ocean, or, as it is sometimes called here, the South Java Sea. It is a panoramic view that takes in all of South

IN JAVA

Bali. Around to the right is Mount Bratan (about 7,000 feet), and beyond it far views again, this time toward Java.

You rise still higher into a mountainous country with open fields and small bamboo villages. Even the temple is now built of bamboo, is thatched, and ornamented with grass patterns. It has the merit of simplicity, sincerity and ingenious workmanship. Indeed, the bamboo temples on the mountain top may well be preferred to the soft clay and red brick affairs down in the towns. They are spontaneous, at least. You cannot help admiring, and even reverencing, them.

You keep on ascending by narrow volcanic ridges until a fringe of cloud comes down and meets you. Looking down into the valley, under the cloud-edging, you see the sunlight falling in great splashes upon the rice fields, forests and foot-hills. And then everything is blurred out in a torrent of rain. That is usually the driver's cue for increased speed, and you do some fast swinging around pot-hook turns in the road, if not some dangerous skidding on clay surfaces. But eventually you get down into the valleys and coast villages of North Bali, where the sun is shining, and where the land-

BALI

scape lying between the sea and the mountains is supremely fine—perhaps as fine as any in the island, or, for that matter, in the Archipelago.

THE SENGSIK TEMPLE

Sengsik is along the road leading back to Singaradja, and here is a temple thought to be the very finest in Bali. No traveller's trip is accounted complete without seeing it, and yet I am disposed to pass it by in silence. It is the most elaborate temple yet seen. That seems to be its most conspicuous fault. It is too elaborate, too much decorated, too fussy. To the western mind there is no good architecture without solidity and mass-structure. Ornament is effective only when it carries out and supplements the structure. But here the ornament is everything, and the structure is merely a peg upon which it is hung. The feeling of flimsiness, of things gew-gawed and superficial prevails. The same feeling comes to one about this architecture as about the East Indian gold and silver work. It is filigreed to a point where solidity is lost and ornamentation alone prevails.

A temple all pinnacles or all wing-ornaments, or all borders and panels is the Balinese idea of

IN JAVA

architecture, and it is no doubt appropriate to the people and their religion, but again, the western mind is not in sympathy and fails to find in it anything monumental or even architectural. The effect of pattern alone, if desired, would perhaps be better shown in batik fabrics, woven stuffs, rugs and embroideries than in temples. Nor does color in architecture cover up or hide the lack of form, the want of mass. The temple at Sengsit has splotches of color upon some parts of it, but that does not seem to add to its effect—except perhaps to the oriental mind.

Moreover, it is not possible to create a monumental effect with flimsy materials. The head of an Egyptian princess, if done in red granite or black basalt or limestone, or even hard wood, may be very impressive, but the same head, if done in soap or wax, would lack force and perhaps be merely amusing. Just so with building materials. The bricks of this Sengsit temple have been hardened by some superficial firing; but all the ornamental borders and patterns, with the reliefs and figures in the round, are merely carved out of gray native clay and dried in the sun. They are never hard. Your pen-knife will cut into them almost as read-

BALI

ily as into chalk. And the feeling of chalk goes along with them. The hardness of material, the difficulty of its working, the skill of the sculptor, his personality and autographic touch are all lacking. The figures and ornaments, if cast in a mould, would be quite as effective.

But I am willing to admit a lack of appreciation of the Balinese temples, and think to make up for it by admiration for the Balinese people.

CREMATION

The Balinese people alive, not dead. I am not interested in their funerals and cremations, though every one tells me that the cremation ceremony here is beautifully barbaric, and quite out-Indies India. This is said regarding some very elaborate and expensive burning where a rajah or a prince goes up in smoke. But nothing is said about the common people and their burial. You dash around the island and see many strange things, but no tombstones or burial places. What happens when a poor man dies? What becomes of his mortal remains?

When a Balinese of moderate means passes out, his body is placed in a wooden coffin and kept per-

IN JAVA

haps for months, or even years, in the house of his family. After consultation with an *orang pintar*, usually a Buddhist priest, a day is fixed for the cremation ceremony. The body is burned and the man's ashes (picked out with wooden pincers, for the hands must not touch them) are ground fine and placed in a young cocoanut. They are then taken out to sea in a prau and scattered on the water, the cocoanut shell being cast after them. When a poor man dies he is either put in a coffin or wrapped in a white cloth and dropped in the earth. Before burial, water, blessed by the *pedanda* or native priest, is sprinkled on the body and flowers are strewn. There is usually no grave stone or other record above the dead.

PART IV
JAVA

JAVA

SOERABAYA

THIS is the largest commercial port in the Dutch East Indies, and, perhaps for that reason, is usually declared to be "hot and uninteresting." My American compatriots think it must be "malarious" because it lies flat, and that drinking the water is equivalent to suicide. I have noticed many times that Americans, when in foreign countries, are easily alarmed about bandits, burglars and tap water. But any one who is case-hardened by long years of drinking the water in, say, Philadelphia or St. Louis, need not shy at the water of Soerabaya. It is, in fact, excellent and every one drinks it with impunity.

Also one can walk the streets after dark without a police escort. The native lurks on every corner, and almost every one of them carries a kris in his belt as a part of his workman's equipment, but he has no murder in his heart, and he is not out for your blood. He looks at you out of mere curiosity.

IN JAVA

You look far more "queer" to him than he does to you. But he is mild-mannered, good-natured, polite, quite an inoffensive person.

Of course, there are occasional ruffians here as elsewhere. What would you expect—thirty or more millions of people and all of them Sunday-school superintendents? Consider our high-powered New York bandits, and then thank whatever gods there be that you are in Java. There are no firearms allowed in Java. Consider again, how largely we might profit by adopting that wise regulation. The natives never are intoxicated, never drink wines, liquors, or even beers. Once more consider our inability to enforce prohibition by laws and machine-guns because of our essentially lawless constituency. You need not be afraid of Java and the Javanese.

As for Soerabaya being "uninteresting" that depends on the point of view. I happen to be agreeably impressed by it. It lies along and about the Kali Mas (River of Gold), it rambles in pleasant streets with shaded canal banks, parks and lawns, and runs off into comfortable suburbs and distant mountain tops seen through clouds. The life of the place is its striking feature. In this, the Euro-

JAVA

peans in white clothes, play only a small part. The natives (or Madocrese), the Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, are everywhere, catching your eye with the color of their *sarongs*, scarfs and head gear. These are of every color under the sun—orange, gold, bronze, magenta, carmine, flame red, bright green, amethyst, violet, purple, with every shade of each mixed in and woven through. These are but the high spots of color. The half-tones must be reckoned with.

Little horses no larger than a Mexican burro go dashing about with two-wheeled carts—the *sado* or cab of the people—with silver-mounted harness, plumed heads, and sometimes jingling silver bells. Huge carts with two enormous wheels and hump-backed bullocks, with red ribbons between their horns, bright-colored automobiles, army trucks, trams, bicycles, are everywhere. In between are water-carriers, pole-bearers carrying everything from feather dusters and mats to a street restaurant, hundreds of women carrying produce on their heads, other hundreds carrying children on their hips, and still other hundreds carrying nothing at all but a gaily colored Chinese umbrella, men lugging along sheep and goats by

IN JAVA

the cars, squabbling groups with birds in cages, mute hawkers of brass, rugs, linen, old hats, lamp shades.

The background of this moving scene is quite as colorful. The houses are white or yellow with red tile roofs, the asphalt streets, even in the shopping district, are often tree-bordered, and in the residence section there are parkways of bushes and flowers in the centre of the avenues. The bridges are occasionally adorned with square gate-posts, Chinese lantern patterns for the electric lights, and gay colors along the footways. The river boats have high prows and poops like Viking ships, with bamboo thatched cabins, and again gay colors fore and aft. The river banks are like lawns, and are bordered by such trees as the *poinciana regia*, with its lacelike leaves and brilliant geranium-red flowers, the waving casuarina, tall palms, spreading banyans and samans, huge tamarinds.

Everywhere are hedges with hibiscus and allamanda and gardens with flowers—flowers that spring up as by the stroke of an enchanter's wand in this warm land of the sun. And overhead, even in the monsoon weather, you can almost always see blue sky, deep tropical blue, with great cumulus

JAVA

clouds that reach up at sunset perhaps fifty thousand feet. These white mountains of the upper air are often seen at twilight with their peaks reflecting the red sunset in a brilliant tone of pink, with blue shadows on their sides, and against a blue-steel background of sky.

THE DUTCH IN JAVA

Now this town building has not been mere aimless energy touched up with splashes of color. You will find in streets, houses, bridges, parks, shops, an attempt, at least, at adaptation to climate, soil and tropical conditions. The Dutch, naturally enough, brought here from Holland many ideas that were well suited to the Netherlands, but not applicable to Java. They are still getting modern ideas of building from Holland that might better be left in Amsterdam and The Hague. But from the first, even when they were putting up classical palaces in brick and stucco, there was an attempt at adaptation to local heat conditions. Tree-planting, park and avenue planning, water-ways and road-ways in shadow, were from the beginning. And all the cottages and villas have been broadly roofed, deeply shadowed, built widely open to the

IN JAVA

air. The Netherland ideas have been modified and even transformed into something that is well suited to Java.

The imposition of foreign ideas upon a country or a people is always a questionable proceeding. They are usually not suitable, and often meet with native opposition for no other reason than that they are foreign. The Dutch have learned this from experience and are now disposed to accept local conditions. They are protecting the native and allowing him to develop along his own lines. They are not trying to change him into a Dutchman. Even in the small matter of costume they have not asked him to wear Dutch shoes, shirts and hats, but allowed him to go his own way barefooted and in *sarong*. His religion, customs, traditions are respected; he is protected in his land holdings, helped in his agriculture, and heard in legislative and political proceedings. Largely perhaps by reason of a liberal and generous policy in administration the Dutch have proved themselves the most successful colonial administrators of modern times. Both the United States and England could learn much from them, if they would.

JAVA

THE NATIVE

But I am not so much interested in the political, social or economic phase of Javanese life as in its picturesque appearance. Ordered or disordered, this mass of movement and ruck of color in Soerabaya is pictorial in a superlative degree. Everywhere the picture appears ready for transference to canvas. The native in any picture holds the central position. The young of both sexes are very attractive. They are all small, lithe, graceful, colorful. This is especially true of the younger women, who have been early trained to carry things on their heads. They are roundly developed in the neck, shoulders and back, they are straight, standing with well-poised head, and they walk with fine grace and ease. Oh! they are not so fine as the Balinese, not so large or so powerful or so free from the waist up; but if you had never been to Bali you might think these Madocrese quite wonderful.

You can see them at almost any hour of the day washing or bathing in the Kali Mas, the river that runs through the heart of the city. With or with-

IN JAVA

out clothing, they are models for the artist, so round they are in form, so unconsciously graceful in movement. I know nothing about their morality or domestic relations, and do not now care to start an inquiry about them. I am regarding them merely as form and color projected on the background of their native land. They fit in their envelope quite perfectly. Nature made them after their kind with just as much care and skill as the pink-and-white Europeans. And they have preserved their natural endowment where the Europeans have not. Perhaps that is why the native in his sun-tinted skin and primitive *serong* is so attractive.

And yet it may be taken for granted here, as at Bali, that the native's development of form and movement, his taste in color, is not wholly the untutored *naïveté* of the savage. He and his fellows are perhaps beholden to a thousand years of tradition. They were a people with a highly respectable civilization when Europe was floundering in the darkness of the Middle Ages, and all the Americas were unknown. Before that there had been, for centuries, a cultivated Buddhist settlement of the island. Boro Boedoer and almost all the old tem-

JAVA

ples (now in ruins) date back to this period. In the fifteenth century came the Mohammedan invasion, and since then the influences of various nationalities; but it is believable that under and out of all this the Javanese type and life held their own and developed the traditions of the race which are existent to-day. The silent dignity of the native who waits upon you at table, or the calm poise of the girl who dances for you in the hotel ballroom, is part of the tradition. If you are received in audience by, say, the Sultan of Djokjakarta, you may notice the same thing, the same physical and mental poise. You may laugh at it. The shallow laughter of the West has always been heard throughout the East. It tells us something about the one who laughs, but nothing about the person, place, or thing laughed at.

QUARTERS

Soerabaya, like every seaport in the East, has its different nationalities and different quarters. There are the white suburban quarters for the Europeans and those of mixed blood, the native quarters of the Javanese, Madocrese and Soendaneese (quite aside from the *dessa* or native village),

IN JAVA

the quarters of the Chinese, Japanese, Arabs. There is no sharp exclusiveness in any of these quarters. Chinese may consort and live side by side with British Empire Indians or natives, and a Hollander's house may be near at hand and perhaps next door to a Japanese shop.

To-day one is rather forcibly reminded of the Chinese quarter because the Chinese New Year is being celebrated with gongs and fire-crackers. There is quite as much explosion and noise as in the United States on a Fourth of July. Also the same type of small boy is having his fingers blown off and his eyes shot out here as there. A procession is moving down the street, headed by four men carrying a great metal gong swung from bamboo poles, while two men beat time out of the gong. The procession is moving toward the house of the richest Chinaman in the town. He will open his house and deal out largesse to his poorer countrymen. Every one will grin. Probably there will be a porch orator to tell the mob about the greatness of China, and the Chinese drumbeat heard around the world. Finally there will be a sort of benediction in the name of Confucius, and the crowd will beat its way back to its quarters.

JAVA

All the natives here are Mohammedans, with perhaps a few exceptions, but one seldom hears the muezzin's call to prayer, or sees the white-shafted minaret. The mosques in Soerabaya are not prominent architecturally, and the religion itself not over-conspicuous. In the rural sections of the island people are called to prayer by the roll of a wooden gong. They all pray and they all believe, but bartering for something in a market, or about the door of a small booth, or sitting under the shade of a blessed banyan is more real to them than any vision of the Mohammedan paradise. Of course, they gather certain moral teachings and practices from the faith. A Dutch government official tells me, for example, that the Mohammedan house servants will steal only household trifles, but that the Christians steal everything. No doubt, experiences differ and a few delinquent Christians can hardly be used to sanctify all the Mohammedans.

The native quarter in its buildings is not imposing. It is usually an agglomeration of discarded building material. Scraps of corrugated iron and tin, lashed together by strands of bamboo, and roofed with anything obtainable—iron, tile, or

IN JAVA

atap—is the make-up of the average cabin in a city quarter. The whole quarter is, in kind, the same shanty town that appears in every large city. Respectability hawks at it and eventually it disappears only to reappear farther away. Its only grace is a certain picturesqueness that comes from rambling line and barbaric color.

But the native enjoys his humble habitat and gets on with his neighbors without quarrelling. A Chinaman or Arab may live next door to him without precipitating a race feud. It is astonishing how few loud words are heard in the native quarter. This same native is popularly supposed to run amuck every morning before breakfast and to carve up his fellow citizen with a deadly weapon called a kris, but I have never been in at any such performance. The kris, as sold in the town shops, would hardly carve cold butter, and though the native porter trots with his burden to make the bamboo cross-bar rise and fall in time to his foot on the ground, he does not do much running. It is too hot.

JAVA

IMPROVED QUARTERS

These quarters of the people are not too inviting and only the very poor live in them. As soon as a little more revenue comes in, the family, of whatever race or creed, moves into one of the little side streets (no larger than an English alley) and occupies a whitewashed house with a porch and perhaps a couple of columns. ■ is not large, but it is usually a step up in cleanliness and general respectability. Some part of the house may be a shop or booth where, behind potted plants and bird cages, something may be made or sold. The rest of it is living quarters. Children, cats, chickens, monkeys, parrots, are about the doorsteps, but no dogs except on chain or at the back of the house.

The children are, by all odds, the most attractive feature of the improved quarter. They are good-natured but shy, with a wondering stare at you in their dark eyes. And the mothers are your friends for life if you admire their children. They smile with frank pleasure, showing often beautiful teeth. Even in the markets, if you inquire about their fish, or taro, or chopped peppers,

IN JAVA

the women will tell you all about it, never thinking for a moment that you do not understand their language. They are—men, women and children—a good-natured, affable people.

When a Chinaman, Japanese, or Arab becomes rich (and this happens frequently in the merchant class) he builds a big house in his quarter, or perhaps moves to a suburban district. In either event, he is looked up to thereafter as a local Confucius, or at least a Rockefeller. He becomes president of his club (the Japanese, for example, have in Soerabaya a very large and fine Country Club) and is a distinguished member of society. Eventually he goes to rest in a Chinese cemetery (if a Chinaman) with a great roll of sod above him and lions at his feet. The Dutch have found him in life a useful member of the community, and in death they respect him. In fact, the Dutch are very decent to all the people. There is never any question about where the power lies, but there is no "kicking around" of either native or foreigner.

The quarters of the white population smack more or less of Holland adapted to Java. There are parkways, lawns, trees, flowers, low garden walls with hedges of hibiscus or allamanda, white

JAVA

and yellow houses of one or two stories with red-tiled roofs, wide eaves, doors, and windows. Children are about the porches and lawns, with native servants acting as attendants. Women read and men yawn and dogs bark just as they do at The Hague or Scheveningen. At sunset there is a walk, or a drive in the automobile, with a late dinner—late because of the heat. After dinner the people sit in the air and try to keep cool, or perhaps go to hear some music at one of the hotels.

MONSOON

It is useless to deny the heat in Java, and just as silly to exaggerate it. You are half a dozen degrees from the equator, and what else can you expect? It is practically the same heat that you experience in Barbadoes, Trinidad or Panama. Last winter in the Panama Canal Zone, at the island of Barro-Colorado, I noted for some weeks that the temperature at dawn was 76 F. and at four o'clock in the afternoon 86 F. The thermometer readings at Soerabaya vary little from that. But it should be added that the West Indies and Panama have the daily trade winds, whereas Java has no wind of any kind. It seems to be in some sort of

IN JAVA

pocket and only a faint breeze moves across its face.

It is now near the first of February and the middle of the monsoon season, but the weather has been very still, very dry, very hot—"very unusual," it is said. The monsoon has not "broken," it is "late," and "it has never happened before." But the monsoon threatens to break every afternoon. Great cumuli push up and spread out upon the western sky, and wide rolls of dark clouds gather in the northwest, the blue lightning flashes and the thunder rumbles, but nothing comes of it. It dies out. The afternoon is, however, sticky and uncomfortable, the evening "close." If the stars are out at midnight, the temperature will fall a few degrees, and the people will be thankful for the slight relief.

When the monsoon does "break" it is not exactly the explosion of a Krakatoa. It is just an ordinary tropical rain, prolonged for many weeks, but by no means incessant. It rains and clears and the earth steams in the sun and then perhaps it rains some more. It comes with a northwest wind, but the wind is not a gale. Occasionally it may rise to moderate force, but usually it is just a breeze. This brings coolness for an hour or so, but it also

JAVA

leaves great humidity in the air which needs only a few minutes of sunlight to develop into oppressive warmth.

RAIN

The downfall of the rain is often very heavy. The stranger in London declares that "it always rains there," and he is not so far afield in saying so, but the actual measured rainfall in London is only about twenty-five inches a year. There are about forty-five inches in New York and a hundred and thirty here in Soerabaya. And yet there is, apparently, more sunlight here than in either London or New York. The cause is not far to seek. It drizzles and sprinkles a great deal in London, rains in New York, and pours in Soerabaya. A cloud in Java no larger than a black man's hand will apparently stand still overhead for half an hour and pour rain until you are lost in amazement at such a small reservoir holding such a large quantity of water. A great deal of air must be at the saturation point. You feel sure of this when the sun comes out, for the air thickens with humidity. This is true of any warm country, and, of course, Java is not an exception. But neither the

IN JAVA

humidity, the rain, or the sun is unbearable if one dresses as he should in a tropical country.

The Dutch understand tropical conditions perhaps better than the English. The police and the army in Java are not dressed in woollens but in dull green khaki, and the civilian population goes in white cottons. Black evening dress for men is not customary. The straw hat, for some unknown reason, is worn only by Chinamen, the handkerchief turban (or *oesdeng*) by the natives, while the Europeans wear the loose felt hat of London, or the topi of India—neither of them well-fitted for Java. In rain the cab-drivers drag out, from Heaven only knows where, the conical straw hat of Hiroshige, and the women spread the oiled paper umbrella of China. Protection of one's head gear seems of first importance with the natives.

ROADS AND FIELDS

If you wish to "do" Java speedily, with a whiz and a honk, you should by all means take an automobile. Every one does. The Dutch, Chinese, and natives generally are just as motor-mad as the Americans. With more time on your hands than anything else your native chauffeur shoots you

JAVA

along very good roads at forty miles an hour, with a cover overhead that shuts out the trees and sky, and with only movie glimpses at the sides of one of the most interesting countries in the world. The native has agreed to take you (for so much) to Tosari, or Malang, or Bandoeng, and nothing but sudden death will check his pace. Your violent language is not understood, and pokes in the back are of little avail. The only thing to do is to go through in haste and return at leisure—if you can.

For twenty miles or more out of Soerabaya the land lies flat, and so dense is the population that it is difficult to say where the city leaves off and the country begins. The long straight roads, bordered always by avenues of trees, lead through one village after another. Along these roads, and about these villages, the natives crowd in lines, and bands and groups. Women with baskets on their heads and children on their hips, men carrying long stems of bamboo, half-grown boys with bundles of grass, Dutchmen and Chinamen mounted on little horses, huge bullock carts with loads of unhusked maize or rolls of coarse matting or bags of rice, dog-carts with jingling bamboo bells, push-carts loaded with cassava or sweet potatoes, cattle

IN JAVA

being led and driven, goats in flocks, chickens, dogs, bob-tailed cats at haphazard—all are in and of the procession. By the wayside are groups that apparently never move—village sages talking lazily, dreamers in the shade holding a mute conference, a local band playing for its own pleasure some Java jazz, a native seated on the ground beating a gong for an auction. And then with every village a market with booths and stalls, and hundreds of buyers and sellers milling about like cattle in a round-up.

HOMES AND LANDS

Houses there are of every description. In the larger villages there seems a preference, especially with the Chinese, for a white plastered affair, sometimes with small columns holding up an overhanging eave and making a little shaded porch where people can sit and see the life of the street. There is better than this in villas and cottages for the white people, and worse than this in the huts of the poorer classes. Between villages, but still along the roads, and half hidden under bananas and bamboo are the thatched cabins of the field workers.

JAVA

Apparently the field workers are the only original producers of food in Java. And yet, with all the millions in the island, and an enormous crop of children always coming on, no one seems to lack for food. There is every sign of prosperity, or at least of physical well-being, notwithstanding congested conditions in many sections. For this production of food one must look farther than the unaided land, rain and sun. The native is an excellent farmer. He spares neither himself, nor his wife, nor his children in keeping the crop-growth at its maximum. They all work. And the Dutch administration lends a powerful hand. It has supervised and promoted the agriculture of Java most wisely. The experiment stations and the irrigation system are models of efficiency. And the first item in the economic programme is that the native shall have enough to eat. The Dutch have spent millions on the land to that end.

The land is, of course, quite wonderful, or it could not grow enough to feed the more than thirty millions. It is a dark reddish-brown soil, with volcanic ash at its base, and almost everything springs from it with vigor. Rice is the main product. It is grown with natural rainfall in upland fields,

IN JAVA

called *togals*, but the greater growth is with irrigation in the lower fields, called *sawahs*. The *sawahs* lie at left and right of your speeding automobile, and the rice is in all stages of growth. At first, when the young shoots are transplanted from a seed-bed they are yellow looking, but they gradually thicken and turn dark green, and finally put forth pale yellow tassels.

In the early stages, the fields are worked over by scores of women. Almost any morning or evening workers can be seen bending over the young rice as though looking for angle worms, but they are transplanting and weeding. All the rice is transplanted from a seed-bed, stalk by stalk; it is cut, stalk by stalk, gathered in bouquet sheafs, and finally it is threshed out in a wooden trough by poundings of a heavy stick. The yield from many thousands of acres is enormous.

Sugar and tea are the next largest crops, with a large acreage of maize, and everywhere groves of banana and cocoanut. In addition, there are plantations of coffee, cocoa, cassava, with vegetables and fruits that are grown everywhere, sold everywhere, and utilized by every one. The yield of each growth is amazing. Beneath my balcony is a

JAVA

stray papaya standing perhaps fifteen feet in height. Shooting out from the single stalk or trunk are fifty-eight branches, each as thick as one's finger, about five feet in length, with a huge leaf at the end. Hanging from the main trunk are seventy-two melons, in different stages of development, from the size of a fig to that of a cantaloupe. The productivity is continuous. There is apparently no dead season here when plants lie fallow. Growth goes on forever. And as a result, the Java millions do not go unfed.

RIVERS

The broad Brantas that rises in the mountains of the south coast sweeps slowly and majestically across your path of travel. You are surprised that so small an island could send forth so large a stream. It is the color of *café au lait* and moves on irresistibly, but without a sound. The country opens somewhat and a glimpse of high mountains shows through broken clouds. The summits are hidden, but the flaring bases leave little doubt about their volcanic origin. The plain begins to lift into a more undulating surface. The rice no longer lies in broad fields but appears in terraces,

IN JAVA

cut up into small squares or checks, with surrounding mud dikes or low banks that hold in the irrigating water. Many mountain streams are utilized in irrigating these rice terraces, and every spot of land is turned into a square or oval or circular terrace.

The land becomes still more broken, small tepec-shaped hills appear standing quite by themselves as though long ago pushed up from below and now turned green with forests, lofty trees line the ascending roadway, mountain brooks with swift water dashing over dark volcanic boulders and under green arches of bamboo wind here and there. The brooks not only furnish water for irrigation but endless amusement for bathers. All day long people come and go to the water—bathers, washers of clothes, fishermen, idlers. The waters are always a coffee color that betokens much soil carried in the stream, but this in no way discourages the bathers. They scrub and dip and preen themselves as though their river were a veritable Fountain of Youth.

JAVA

BATHERS

The natives do not bother themselves with such small conventions as bathing clothes. The women and children go to one part of the stream, and the men to another. The women and girls come down rather timidly, and stand for a few moments on the rocks looking to see if the coast is clear. They do not mind an audience provided it is a hundred yards away, but any close-peeping Actæon may get some *café au lait* water flung in his face. The last garment taken off is the *sarong*. They step into the water with that about them, take a look around, and then with a swift movement they go down in the water as the *sarong* goes up and over their head. It is a deft performance and impresses one as a cunning way of not only saving their modesty but keeping the *sarong* dry.

It is a pretty sight, these native women bathing in the brooks, by the roadway, and under the bridges, with beautiful drooping bamboos above and about them. They are a small people, but active and graceful, and they unwittingly drop into picturesque and sculpturesque attitudes. Besides,

IN JAVA

their color in the sunlight is almost exactly that of a rich copper bronze—an added attraction. As at Bali almost any one of the younger group could serve as a sculptor's model. But the only sculptors who have ever seen them or their kind worked and died at Boro Boedoer centuries ago. The modern artist is too well pleased with the flesh pots of Paris to ever wander so far afield as Java.

It is worth while insisting through another paragraph that this bathing in the brooks is not only a beautiful but a modest performance. There is nothing about it of the grossness of the savage, but everything of the refinement of the civilized. These people have no bathing facilities in their houses but the tradition of cleanliness is with them. They are shy and modest about it through inherited tradition and training. And their rightly developed figures, their well-balanced, well-featured heads are the result of a civilized race development. The Papuans or Maoris may be gross, distorted, over-fat, but not so the Madoerese. There is an inheritance behind them, a remnant of which still persists, though they have lost their political position and are under foreign rule.

These mountain streams where the natives bathe

JAVA

and wash and gossip are not always serene and placid. Sometimes a heavy rain in the near-by mountains will start the streams aboiling. Yesterday evening from my balcony I heard some little screams from women bathing in the small river below me. I looked down to see every one of them scampering up the bank, without waiting to adjust *sarongs*. Immediately I detected a growing roar and in a minute a wall of water several feet high came around a bend in the stream with a mighty rush. In less than five minutes the water had risen six or eight feet, had changed from coffee color to dark chocolate, and was roaring down the valley, sweeping everything along with it. It ran and roared all night long and only this morning settled back to normal.

MALANG

The little river I have been describing—I believe it is the upper Brantas or a branch of it—is at Malang. I have been watching it for some days from the terrace of my hotel. Several afternoons it has had spectacular rises. Doubtless there have been heavy rains at its source in the neighboring mountains, but even the natives stare at it from the

IN JAVA

banks and bridges, as though the high water were not exactly a daily occurrence. If it were, the normal stream-bed would be at the bottom of a far deeper canyon than it is at present.

Malang! Who of Europe ever heard of it? What tourist folder or red-backed guide book ever sounded its praises about the world? And what would one expect of a town in the interior of Java, with a population of forty thousand people, and thirty-six thousand of them natives? I have been in towns of that size in Mexico, South America, Australia, the United States and I have gotten out of them as quickly as possible. There was apparently no good reason for their existence and it would seem as though no good thing could come out of such Nazareths. But Malang, up in the foot-hills of Java, is quite another story.

It is a city in a wide valley surrounded by great mountains, a city of fine streets, with overhanging foliage, parks with huge waringin trees, good houses, lawns, flowers, a picturesque river with high bridges, a fine climate, and lastly (but not least to the tourist) good hotels, good drinking water, and a fine swimming pool. I do not mean just good hotels for Java but for any town, any-

JAVA

where, of forty thousand people. Indeed, the hotels in Java, in Sumatra—everywhere in Netherland India—are astonishingly good. They are uniformly better than in Holland itself. I mean that, outside of two or three hotels in The Hague and Amsterdam, there is nothing in Holland so good as the hotels at Malang, or Garoet, or Bandoeng, or any of the larger cities in the islands.

The Dutch have built modern Malang and the natives have supplied the color. Here as elsewhere in Java, the *sarongs*, the scarfs, and the head gears of the natives light up the streets and markets and make of the whole place a series of pictures. Sitting under the trees in the great park (*aloun-aloun*), drifting along the streets, working in the saw mills and blacksmith shops, bathing in the river, kneeling in the mosques, the natives are always picturesque. Oh! they have their defects, no doubt. If any one wishes to insist that some of them have a way of postponing work from day to day, and that the women have the unhappy habit of chewing areca-nut preparations, no one will deny the statements. But there may be a fling-back to the effect that the chewing-gum habit in America runs into the millions, and that the bread

IN JAVA

line never grows less. And there never was any saving grace of picturesqueness about either the American shop girl or the American beggar.

Malang is a typical mountain town in Java, not very different from other towns throughout the island, but it is a place where one can sit down and be at peace. Europe and America seem a long way off, and neither of them very important. The people below one bathing in the river never heard of them. Nor of you nor me. Here in their pretty town they have held, and continue to hold, the even tenor of their way without even a suspicion of western civilization or wars, or race hatreds or commercial rivalries. The river sings for them, the bamboo casts shade for them, the rain falls and the rice grows for them. What more would you have? And there is a future life and happiness for them which the West has forgotten about, but which the East still believes in. The Prophet promised as much. The peace of God is greater in Java than in Europe or America.

BAMBOO

There are many likenesses between the bamboo and the people that live under its shadow. It is

JAVA

rather emblematic of them. It grows in great families by every brook and river. It droops gracefully over the water, bending with waving fronds and motionless leaves. The royal palm stands as stiff as a post and will not yield though its fronds be torn in strips, but the bamboo bends, rolls in the breeze, undulates like a Pacific wave. It has no power of resistance and, like the native, it bends gracefully.

Perhaps the bend of it is responsible for the shadow of it. Were there ever such beautiful shadow depths as these! The shadows never fade out. No matter how cloudy the day the dark masses gather under the drooping stems. And what wonderful color—golden-green in the sunlight, emerald-green in the shadow! Great green ostrich feathers bending and swaying in the heavy air! As you pass beside them in the heat of the day you feel a coolness coming from beneath that no other growth in Java throws off. It is peculiar to bamboo.

It is only a native grass—greater brother of the maize and the sugar cane—and yet, very important in island use. Java builds under it, builds with it, bridges streams with it, ploughs fields with

IN JAVA

it, carries and hauls with it, fashions implements from it. The native could not get on without it. It is at once his staff and his yoke. And like him, it bends and bends and breaks only when old and over-strained.

But new shoots are always being sent forth. The families by the river side are being continually renewed. And the new, like the old, both with plant and with people, bend gracefully over the hurrying water while the sunlight falls and the faint breeze blows and the other side of the world wots not what blows and grows and dies on this side of it.

MOUNTAINS

If one chooses to go on with likenesses by adding contrasts it might be said that the mountains are not exactly the most harmonious note in this tropical dream. Java is an island lying close up under the equator and it should have its soft indolences as expressed in low horizons, drowsy sunlight, and great warmth of color. All its lines should be horizontal lines that would complement the great levels of its seas and signify its eternal peace. But here at Malang, as elsewhere through-

JAVA

out the island, are lofty cones thrust up into the sky that once rumbled with the energy of internal fires and even now, though long quiescent, have energy dormant in their upright lines and broken tops. The restlessness of the mountains is in sharp contrast with the peace of the flat plains running off to the Java Sea at the north; and the tall timber hanging on the mountain side seems a violence beside the lowly rice in the flat fields of the valley.

But be that as it may, the mountains are here, and though they were born in fire and cradled in convulsion, they are to-day robed in green and bonneted with cloud. They are commandingly beautiful. Malang is almost surrounded by them. Far away ■ the east are Penandjaan, Bromo, and Smeroe, the last named being the highest peak in Java (12,044 feet); directly south is Gondanglegi, while on the west, close up to Malang, is Kawi, Andjasmore and Ardjoeno, the last named a lofty cone of fine symmetrical profile. Originally they were all of them volcanoes, but only their cone shapes and ragged tops now indicate this. They are timber-clad and far down their slopes into the valleys patches of timber alternate with open fields.

These mountain heights are to-day the least fre-

IN JAVA

quented parts of Java. The natives do not fancy the wildnesses and some of the larger animals still left in the island are up there in the timber. The morning sunbeams find them oftener than the hunters. For almost always in the early morning the mountain peaks are clearly, even sharply, etched against the sky, but in the afternoon they are veiled with rain clouds, or hidden by mists. The rushing river beneath my balcony suggests the rain that must fall on the mountain sides during the monsoon weather.

The transitions from sun to cloud along the ridges are frequent and of surpassing beauty. Often Kawi and Ardjoeno are gradually obscured by silver veilings of mist and rain—one laid over the other. Silver, not gray; and of a quality never seen in northern lands. And at dawn and dusk there is a blue-air veiling which is still more astonishing. It is almost a gas-blue, and again not like any other mountain air I have ever seen. You can see the mountain through it and yet it is thick enough to make a background for the trees of the valley.

And what astonishing pictures form and fade upon that filmy background! The palm and the

JAVA

bamboo spread a green pattern upon it, the *poinciana regia* throws against it a patch of sunset red, the acacia a brilliant yellow, the bougainvillea a massed purple. The red roof of a mosque, the white chimney of a sugar mill, even the plain gray wood of a telephone pole may be just the right note to complete the color scheme.

The peace of the valley cast upon the tumult of the hills! What a pity that Java lacks a Hiroshige of the mountains and an Utamaro of the streets! The natives in *sarongs* and the mountains in veils have never been pictorially told. Only one born to the land, the light, and the air could do it. But such a one has not yet appeared.

EN ROUTE TO DJOKJAKARTA

It is quite possible to travel Java by train, and very comfortably at that, though the travel people will insist upon the automobile as the only proper tourist vehicle. The hotel man believes that you have come all the way to Java, first, to stop at his hotel, and secondly, to take a ride in an automobile, in which, perhaps, he has a monetary interest. That is, of course, what we to-day know as "good business," but you may care to see some-

IN JAVA

thing of the country through which you are passing, and you can see it very well from a railway train.

Out from Soerabaya the country runs flat for many miles. There are groves of banana, bamboo, and cocoanut, avenues of tamarinds and casuarina, fields of sugar cane and rice, roads and irrigation ditches, and perhaps dominating the landscape low hills and a distant mountain range. People throng the roads and stations with apparently little to do, but out in the fields there are men and women ploughing, transplanting and reaping the rice, following and working with it in its different stages of growth.

It is all hand labor. There is no machinery in the fields. The native is still using a wooden plough pulled through the heavy ground by a yoke of buffaloes. A large mattock in the hands of a native does what the plough neglects. A knife, a whipping scythe-blade, an axe, and a few other home-made tools constitute the native farmer's field outfit. Everything here is done simply and directly and with no sparing of the doer. He lifts and carries and pushes and pulls. Apparently he knows no economy of effort.

JAVA

But the results justify the primitive methods. Excellent crops are everywhere. You will go far before seeing better rice and sugar growing than right here in eastern Java. You may have come from Southern California and you may think the irrigation methods here not quite so modern as they should be, but, judging by results, you had better let them alone. The native knows nothing about California but he understands Java. Irrigation here is not the same problem as there. Each country has its own possibilities and necessities.

The small *desses* along the road are many, but there are more of what I choose to call kampongs—that is a half-dozen bamboo huts clustered together behind a bamboo fence, with gate posts for a central entrance. This forms a little community of people who work perhaps in the near-by fields, and whether or not I have the right name for their small group is of no importance. This kampong is almost always under a little grove of bamboo or cocoanut palms, where wind or sun never reaches. Europeans would smother there, but not the Javanese. At night they batten down the hatches and port holes of their cabins and go to sleep with no fear of asphyxiation. In the daytime chickens,

IN JAVA

goats, dogs, children, all thrive together under the bamboo without quarrelling. Over or near many of the houses you will see a bamboo flag-pole that does not fly a flag but a bird (usually a dove) in a cage. The natives are very fond of birds and one is hoisted each morning to the top of the pole, for air and sunlight, and brought down each night for safety.

The train crosses the large Brantas River, then a second and a third river, and you enter upon a broad open country. The land is rising and there are mountain groups ahead. Flowering trees are on either side and in between are rice fields rising in terraces. Small boys sitting under bamboo scaffolding keep the birds away from the ripening rice. The white rice bird and the little brown one are present in flocks and quite ready to help themselves. Along the railway and the roads one sees also doves, mina birds, finches, glatiks, sparrows, but not many large birds.

Always at every station there are crowds of natives. The towns are often of fine appearance—Madioen, for example. The larger buildings are put up by the Dutch, but the natives furnish the population and plenty of it. The tale of the living

JAVA

is enormous but that of the dead is greater. Yet where are the dead? Gravestones are seen here and there, but so infrequently that they are curious. What disposition is made of the dead, apart from burial, I do not know. Probably cremation has been the custom from the beginning.

DJOKJAKARTA

Djokja, as it is commonly called, is a city well over a hundred thousand in population with perhaps five thousand of them Europeans. It is the seat of a Dutch Residency, has some good official buildings, a Sultan's palace, and many ruins of Hindu temples in the offing, including the famous Boro-Boedoer. The main street is given over to hotels, shops, markets, official buildings. Horses, automobiles, dog-carts, ox-carts, crowd the streets, and natives of all types, ages and conditions of life push along the sidewalks, or idle about the *aloun-aloun*.

The natives, to whom the name of Javanese is here directly applied, are a small people by comparison with those at Bali, or even those at Soerabaya. The Javanese head is round, as is also the face. Some of the women are attractive-looking

IN JAVA

and some even beautiful, but their beauty is perilously close to the merely pretty. Their features are too small to be commanding. That is true also of their small and rather round figures. The men who have done hard work have well-developed shoulders and backs, with slight hips and waists; but the women are round and a bit soft like the high-relief sculptures of them at Prambanan and elsewhere, which you will have to see before leaving the neighborhood.

Neither the men nor the women carry themselves any too well. Many of them bend forward and shuffle, and when past thirty-five or forty have a stoop. If you have come up directly from Bali this will strike you rather forcibly. The Balinese figure is tall, strong, perfectly straight-backed. The Djokja figure is just a little bent and does not walk well. An explanation of this seems rather simple. The women of Bali have always carried things on their heads in basket or package, carrying loads weighing a hundred pounds and over. The burden developed the Balinese figure from top to toe and dictated its fine movement, with splendid swinging arms that mark rhythmic time to the moving feet.

JAVA

Now that is just where and how the natives of Djokja drop out of the running. There are very few of them that carry things on their heads. They carry everything in a bag slung over their shoulder. They bend forward and tug at the burden on their back, like the traditional bagman. They do not carry it, they lug it. The result is that, after years of straining forward with a back load, they have the strain-forward look when the load is removed. When advanced beyond youth they show the bend of the body, and also they show that the back, shoulders and neck have been strained rather than rightly developed.

I do not know how to account for the lack of fine flesh coloring with the natives of Djokja other than by saying that they wear too many clothes. Men and women alike wear a black coat or jacket up to the ears, and a brown *serong* almost to the heels. The women are not uncovered down to the waist as the Balinese. Their skin is not a red bronze, but a Chinese yellow with some, and a dark brown with others. Perhaps the lack of sun exposure has brought in its own revenge.

IN JAVA

COSTUMES AND CUSTOMS

The fashion in clothing was probably set for them by their sultans—one of whom still reigns here, in form at least, and seems held in wonder, if not esteem, by his people. He wears the black coat and the brown batik *sarong*. His subjects could do no less than follow the august example. They do—more's the pity!

For the sombre dress seems a mistake here in the tropics. It is depressing, not to say unbecoming. Instead of the bright *sarongs* of Bali or Soerabaya, the streets here are filled with blue-brown *sarongs* of batik pattern, head dresses of corresponding stuff, and black coats. The batik patterns are rather fine in design, but they do not count for beauty on the street, either in design or color. The total effect is gloomy rather than gay, funereal rather than festive. Sometimes a bright sash at the waist, or a scarf on the head, adds a high color note, but it is not often seen.

If you leave the city streets and drive along the country roads you will see processional lines of people coming and going to market, dressed all alike

JAVA

in dark jackets and blue *sarongs*—darker even than in the city. Dismal coloring again for the tropics! And too many clothes for a people bent forward under bags, baskets and bundles, under a hot, tropical sun. You grow a bit weary of looking at them. And you begin to wonder about what percentage of the people work and what percentage merely sit in the shade or walk along country roads chewing betel-nut and spitting on the ground. I am told that even their Sultan uses *sirih* and expectorates into a silver cuspidor. It is a wide-spread custom. And, Heaven save us! many of the pretty little women chew tobacco—fine-cut Java and Sumatra tobaccos—mixed with their *sirih*.

Well, presently you begin to wander from the people, the bullock carts, the buffaloes, the little pack horses loaded with bags and bales, and cast eyes at the long avenues of *kanari* trees, at the small rivers of brown water, at *setrahs* and bridges and great stands of sugar cane and cassava. You babble of green fields and look far across them to where, against the morning sky, looms the fine volcanic peak of Merapi. The tip-top of it seems to be crenellated—that is, it has square *jog's* in its sky line—and from a spot near the crenellations

IN JAVA

you can see smoke arising. At the left is Soembing, about 11,000 feet in height, cone-shaped, volcanic, but no longer active. Merbaboe, back of Merapi, is the highest of the group, but again, is inactive. They rise from the plain rather abruptly and, in the early morning are clearly seen through beautiful blue air.

BORO BOEDOER

This country road is the way to Boro Boedoer, for, of course, you must go there to see the great Hindu monument. Your hotel manager is surprised at your apparent lack of interest in it.

Why, it is the greatest of all temples south of India. Built twelve hundred years ago. Has thousands of magnificent sculptures still to be seen upon it. People come from all over the world to see it.

Came to Djokja to see the trees and rice fields?

He looks at you as questioning your sanity. All his guests take violently driven automobiles to Boro Bodoer. It would quite break his heart and might shake his mentality if you should decide not to go. So, being a long-suffering traveller, suffer-

JAVA

ing vicariously for the sins of your tourist compatriots, you have taken the road to Boro Bodoer.

Certainly this huge Hindu stupa, seen against a mountain range and facing the Merapi volcano, is worth a twenty-five-mile ride to see. It is supposed to have been built for some relic of the Buddha—perhaps a finger-nail or tooth, or lock of hair—which possibly at one time was placed in a holy-of-holy chamber at the top of the monument, though when the ruin was first unearthed little was found in the upper chamber beyond an insignificant statue. One hundred and twenty reliefs in and upon the walls of the chief gallery tell the story of Buddha's life, and the hundreds of other reliefs recite the Buddhist legends. It is a Buddhist monument, and for the student of Buddhism should prove a valuable record of how the early island worshippers regarded the Teacher and his Teachings.

For the archaeologist and the architect it is also a monument to be studied, in a material and technical way, if not otherwise. The Hindu architects working with Javanese labor made the size of it impressive at the start. It is about five hundred and thirty feet on the sides, but what its original

IN JAVA

height can now only be conjectured. For of its nine terraces (six square ones surmounted by three circular ones) two are thought to be still buried under the earth, and the present visible base is perhaps the third terrace.

It was built around a cone of earth, a dome-shaped hill probably having been chosen for that purpose. The monument itself is a series of majestic galleries and terraces running about and over the top of the hill, with no entrance into the interior or heart of earth, and with no doors, windows or columns. This might have been considered, in the days of Ruskin, a deception and therefore an abomination, but the visitor of to-day is not aware of any deception. Entrance to an interior hall is neither looked for nor expected. The monumental character of the stupa is not impaired in the least, and the device of building around and over a hill for purposes of good foundation showed imagination, at least. The structure is in better condition to-day than the other monuments in the vicinity, though I should not ascribe this entirely to its hill foundation.

The material used in building this stupa is usually said to be volcanic rock, which is perhaps cor-

JAVA

rect enough, though some of the reliefs certainly have a look of being cut in coarse sandstone. It is probably more correct to say the stone is trachyte. But in either case, the stone was coarse with hard grit and blow-holes in it. This was no great disadvantage to the stone cutters and masons, but was a decided handicap to the sculptors of the reliefs. They could not, in such a gritty stone, produce a clean outline, or a smooth surface, or a subtle modelling, or even a good effect of light-and-shade. The work, because of the material used, had to be coarse in treatment and rather summary in execution.

Then, too, because of the great number of reliefs, the work had to be done by many hands, and necessarily was of uneven quality. Some of the reliefs were better done than others, though none of them was complete or satisfactory when the mere chiselling was finished. The further device of covering the reliefs with a thin stucco and afterward painting them in various colors came in to hide the coarse stone and produce a smooth surface.

Originally the whole monument was probably stuccoed and painted, for slight traces of both still remain, though practically all of the stucco and

IN JAVA

paint has scaled off, and the stones themselves have weathered back to a dark volcanic tone. What the colors used, can now only be guessed at. Possibly they were symbolic colors connected with the Buddhist faith. The recent restorations by the Dutch authorities have coated some of the reliefs in a yellow tone, though it is probable that the paint was used more for preservation of the stone than to suggest the original coloring.

The cutting of the reliefs, technically considered, is not very good, but perhaps quite as good as could be expected from workmen in a far southern island more than a thousand years ago. Some of the reliefs are well designed, composed, put together. The figures are conventional, as was all the art of the time. They repeat each other in type, pose, action. Occasionally there is a thrown-up hip, or a lined piece of drapery that suggests some Greek influence, but the great bulk of the work follows Indian models and methods. The reliefs are usually framed by ornamental borders of rosettes, or conventionalized flowers. These are not so well done as the reliefs they frame, for master and apprentice worked here together, and the borders were probably left to the apprentices. And

JAVA

again, the reliefs of the Buddha life are better than those of the Buddhist legend, suggesting, once more, the inferior workman in the legend reliefs.

But this is perhaps cavilling over a work that should be considered as a whole rather than in its parts. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that these reliefs were placed in this temple just as the Biblical figures on the outside of the Gothic churches of Europe, that is, not only to tell a story and repeat a legend, but for decorative effect. Taken as a whole, Boru Boedoe' is very impressive in its architectural mass, its decorative surface and its placing in mountain landscape. It was skilfully designed and executed.

All the stones of the entire structure, whether sculptured or merely with plain surface, were cut and prepared in a shop or yard and afterward put together in the building. None of the reliefs was carved out of a single stone. Each one was prepared in a block and afterward fitted in the composition much as one might put together a modern picture puzzle. And this probably without the use of the best tools or any modern mechanical devices. Finally the stones were put in place without mortar or cement.

IN JAVA

That seems the most astonishing thing about Boro Boedocr. The whole structure was put up in square, evenly cut blocks of stone, like an Egyptian pyramid without a binder of any kind. Of course, it disintegrated and fell to pieces during the succeeding centuries. The wonder is that it did not fall out and flatten down completely with earthquake shocks and crannyng wind and tropical rains. The tradition runs that the natives, in order to hide the monument from the Mohammedan invaders, covered it over completely with earth, and that when it was discovered by Raffles in 1814, only a small portion was projecting from the top.

Built in the ninth century, it was practically lost for six hundred years, but the tale of covering it with earth seems unbelievable. If the Javanese worked then no faster than their descendants do now, it would have taken them several centuries to cover it. What probably happened was that neglect, time, rain, and volcanic dust resulted in covering it with a green growth of bush and tree that quite hid it from the casual view.

The upper galleries or terraces never had any reliefs, and are broader, more massive, than those below—probably an architectural device to heighten

JAVA

the effect of the whole as seen from a distance. Along these terraces at the top are seventy-two bell-shaped structures or *dagobas* of open stone-work (each one of them enclosing a Buddha statue), another architectural effect well planned. The push down and out of the stupa by its great weight of stone probably suggested the now-existing large outer platform at the base as a retaining wall. It was possibly a later addition. It lends solidity and stability to the present appearance of the monument.

Boro Boedoer is a very important monument and it is to be hoped that the Dutch government will continue efforts to preserve it. Earthquake and volcanic ash are not its only dangers. It has been plundered by collectors for centuries, and recently the tourist has been chipping off and carrying away heads, hands, and other portions of the reliefs. But then, the tourist and the automobile were sent forth by some avenging angel to destroy the earth and up to the present time they seem to be succeeding remarkably well.

IN JAVA

MENDOET AND PAWON

Two miles from Boro Boedoer is the Mendoet *chandi*, built over the ashes of some person now unknown. A *chandi* is properly not only a monument, but a place of prayer, and this one was perhaps so used. For centuries it was buried under accumulations of vegetation and mould, and only unearthed in 1836. Since then it has been well restored and is now one of the most satisfactory monuments in central Java. The reliefs upon it are cut out of the same kind of stone, and with the same kind of technique as shown at Boro Boedoer. Also the reliefs are put together in blocks without cement, and afterward stuccoed and painted. Inside the *chandi*, in a high-vaulted chamber, is a large seated figure of the Buddha, showing him turning the Wheel of the Law. On either side of him is a figure representing a Buddha before Enlightenment.

The stone of these Buddha figures is some hard granite with fine enough texture to take a polish. The statues have been done in a large way, somewhat like the great red granite figures of Egyptian

JAVA

art. The hardness of the stone and the softness of the tools, perhaps, made minute detail quite impossible. But they are well, if broadly, modelled, well composed, and well placed. Some master workman was, no doubt, responsible for them.

Pawon is a third structure not far from Mendoet, a *chandi* possibly erected over the ashes of some prince. It is the smallest of the monuments near Boro Boedoer, and architecturally one of the best. It piles up well from a large platform, has good proportions, and must have been, at one time, a thing of beauty. It is so yet though its condition is like that of the other monuments hereabouts.

KALASAN

On the east side of Djokja, eight miles away toward the border line between Djokjakarta and Soerakarta, are a number of Hindu structures well worth an afternoon trip—even in an automobile. The first one arrived at is Kalasan, where the very large *chandi* known as Kali-Bening, dating from 778, rises over some worthy—a Teacher lost in the obscurity of centuries. It is in the form of a Greek cross and had originally four staircases, is much or^s

IN JAVA

namented with now broken Buddhist statues, and has fine decorative patterns along the casings and about the niches. The south side entrance is the best preserved, has perhaps the best sculpture, and the best decorative borders.

Like Mendooet it was erected on a broad platform base, is put together in blocks without cement, and was probably stuccoed and painted. The stone seems of a little finer grain than that at Boro Boedoer, but perhaps this is mere fancy. Scaffolds of bamboo now surround the structure and restoration has been undertaken, but there are plenty of difficulties in the Government's way. The disputations of archæologists are among them. Projecting oneself into the past is sometimes quite as difficult as making excursions into the future.

SARI MONASTERY

This building is a little smaller and perhaps more compact than the Kalasan *chandi*. Both buildings date from about 778, and this one was probably used by the monks of near-by temples as a retreat or a dwelling place. The building is fairly well preserved though put up, like the other structures hereabouts, of trachyte blocks without

JAVA

mortar. Some color and stucco is still to be seen on the large Buddhist figures in relief. Originally the building must have been a handsome one.

PRAMBANAN

The great ruin here is of a Hindu mausoleum, or a series of mausolea, where doubtless many people were buried. There are some eight large *chandis* and many smaller ones about or near them. There was much sculptured relief here originally, and many remains of it are now ranged along a loose enclosing wall in the hopelessly disconnected fashion of museum exhibits. The mass of fallen blocks and the wide area over which the blocks are scattered seem to point to some other cause for the scattering than mere time. Perhaps earthquake shock had something to do with the vast wreck. There is tradition extant to that effect.

The mausoleum was presided over by Siva and there is a large statue of him in the central building, and also high reliefs of the Ramayana story. In an inside chamber there is a second statue of Siva as Teacher and as ascetic. A third statue in another vault is of Ganesha, the elephant-headed son of Siva. And still again, in another vault,

IN JAVA

there is a statue of Siva's wife, the goddess Durga. All these statues seem better done, with a freer hand and smoother surface, than the figures at Boro Boedoer. Greater freedom and a livelier imagination in the composition of the reliefs are also noticeable. It is highly probable, however, that the statues and reliefs were stuccoed and painted as elsewhere with the Buddhist monuments in Java.

SEWOE

There are great fields of fallen stone at Sewoe, too badly fallen and too widely scattered to more than wonder over. But the wide scattering of the stones should lend some confirmation to the theory of their being originally laid up without mortar. It will be noticed among the fallen stones that no two blocks are held together. Had mortar been used great masses of blocks would have fallen in mass, as in Roman ruins. There is no indication of this. Each stone lies by itself and quite free of any other.

Some two hundred and forty-six *chandis* are here. One of them has been recently restored and will give the visitor a good idea of the graceful form these small structures once possessed. The

JAVA

main building is in the form of a Greek cross. It was built about 800 A. D. and with the same materials and methods as used in the other *chandis*.

The Loemboeng ruin is still another group of Hindu buildings near Sewoe, but it is so small, and so much of a ruin, that the visitor will not care to restore it, not even in imagination.

THE WATER CASTLE

This ruin is within the city of Djokjakarta and is almost as badly shattered as the structures at Prambanan, but it has taken it only a scant two hundred years instead of a thousand to fall to pieces. It was built for a Sultan of Djokjakarta about the middle of the eighteenth century, it is said by a Buginese architect. It may be added that it was badly built, on soft foundations, with poor brick and plaster.

A few earthquakes quite shattered it and to-day it is an abandoned garden which has been invaded by the bamboo huts of the natives. The walls and roofs are covered with green moss, tall grass and even bushes; the swimming-pools and baths are covered with net weed and are given over

IN JAVA

to the sport of green frogs and brown children; and the chambers where once, perhaps, some Jam-schid gloried and drank deep, are now kept by the *sokks* and the lizard. It must have been a tawdry affair at best, the semblance of splendor rather than its reality.

A great-great-grandson of the Sultan Mangku Buwono, who had this Taman Sari or Water Castle built, still sits upon a throne here in Djokja, holds court, and occasionally gives spectacles that are worth a day's journey in the wilderness to see. The Dutch government upholds him, but keeps a watchful eye upon him. He has only the semblance of power. But officialdom likes to go to his reviews and fêtes. They are very remarkable displays and draw as large a crowd as an American football contest. Naturally I was eager in acceptance of a seat not far from the throne, at a great Ramadan ceremony, which was held only a few days ago.

THE GARENEG PORASA

It seems that the Sultan owns a mile or more of territory in the heart of the city of Djokjakarta,

JAVA

and that here he, or one of his ancestors, like Kubla Khan, did

"A stately pleasure dome decree."

A great square or *aloun-aloun* at the southern end of the principal street in the city leads up to this Sultan's palace. Along this street, before daylight on the morning of the Garebeg Pocasa, crowds of natives in holiday garb were making their ways, moving toward the great square, and were being shunted right and left by the police into back-ground positions.

By eight o'clock thousands were crowded along the sides of the square, where red and orange and green flags, with lamp-shade banners in red and gold were displayed, and where the Sultan's troops, magnificent in red uniforms, were keeping an open way. Two of us at this place presented our cards of invitation to a commanding officer, were duly inspected, saluted and passed on through great white gates into a smaller enclosed space, called a *pringitan*. Here there were two large open pavilions decorated in green and gold, and between them, but a little farther back, a central open pavilion decorated in red and gold. All the pavilions

IN JAVA

looked as though done over yesterday, but they were in good taste and very handsome. The pavilion on the right held seats for diplomatic guests; the one on the left was for relatives, councillors, officers of the Sultan. Under the central gold and red pavilion was a chair or small divan covered with yellow silk. This was the Sultan's seat. Back from it was a marble platform, and beside the platform were chairs for specially invited guests. An officer showed us to seats in this place.

Guards and an audience had already arrived. Councillors and court attendants in dark green coats, batik *sarongs*, white *koelooks* (caps) with decorations of office, were seated on mats in the outer court. A drum corps, dressed in blazing red, with flat red hats, was beating its way into position. Another corps, with red and green drums (a religious *gamelan*) was seated on the ground in the right background, waiting its turn. A little to the right of the Sultan's throne-chair was a company of Dutch soldiers with officers—perhaps the escort of the Dutch Resident. A body-guard of the Sultan's attendants, dressed in red with white *koelooks*, were seated on the ground directly in front of the throne-chair, but some distance removed from it.

JAVA

Drums and gongs! A band in green and red, with a gorgeous drum-major, comes up from the outer square and through the white gates. Cavalry move at the sides of the automobiles, guests descend under the shade of large yellow umbrellas (*payongs*) with long handles. Half a hundred European guests in evening clothes, distinguished natives in blue coats and *sarongs*, relatives of the Sultan in light blue transparent *koelooks*, Dutch officers in court uniforms, find their places. An attendant holds a long-handled *payong* with flaming yellow cover over the head of Prince Pakoe Alam. Every one salaams to him. He is a ruler in this principality. His rank is indicated by the size of his yellow umbrella. Why not? It is quite as sensible, and more distinctive than the ribbons and orders of European courts.

Drums and gongs! This time from a hidden square at the back, where the Sultan has his living quarters, his *kraton*. Through the side wings of a great door enter many court officials in black coats, batik *sarongs*, with *krises* in their belts; many relatives of the Sultan in white *koelooks*, yellow coats, bright *sarongs*; a great group in *sarongs*, with feathers in their hair and with sashes of bright

IN JAVA

yellow, green, pink, and lilac. They move on slowly, not in step to the drums and yet with a consciousness of their slow beat. They are seated on the floor at the right.

A drum corps in blue comes in, followed by bearers of gold tables, bowls, dishes, and other utensils; then men and women relatives of the Sultan, concubines of the Sultan's father, councilors and courtiers in blue *koelooks* and gold sashes. After them are attendants in yellow, followed by court fools, jesters, dwarfs. They all pass over to the right of the throne-chair and are seated on the floor.

Still another drum corps, in red and blue, followed by troops with red-and-gold-embroidered flags and long lances. And then the Sultan himself, leaning on the arm of the Dutch Resident. From somewhere out of space a chair has been brought and placed beside the throne-chair.

The Sultan's dear friend, the Dutch Resident, has arrived, quite unexpectedly, of course. He will perhaps stop for the parade? Bring a chair and place it beside the throne!

A pretty little opera-bouffe scene to show the audience that he is still monarch in his own do-

JAVA

minions and the Resident merely a guest. Every one in the audience quite understands. Half a dozen sparrows on the red-and-gold crossbeam above the Sultan's head chatter as though they understood, too.

The Resident is dressed in diplomatic costume with gold lace and a feathered hat, but the Sultan goes in simpler garb—merely a blue *kosloak*, a blue-black coat, a brown batik *sarong*, gold slippers, and a blue sash across his breast. He walks slowly, bows to the strangers gracefully, takes his seat calmly. He is full of face and figure as though accustomed to too much food and too little exercise. He is followed by a score of handsome women with bare shoulders and brilliant *sarongs*. These are not his wives, but court women. He is said to have only three official wives. How many there are of an unofficial character is differently reported. They sit, or rather crouch, on the floor behind the Sultan's chair.

Drums and gongs! Enter still another drum corps dressed in white duck, with red-trimmed cockades in half-Napoleonic hats, followed by troops carrying red and white lances. They march slowly with a step beaten out by the drums and

IN JAVA

gongs that might be appropriate to a funeral. But very impressive. Another section of troops follows. They wear blue coats, red-and-white trousers, black boots, red sashes and peculiar hats, not reminiscent of Europe in any way. They carry guns and lances and their flag is blue, red and gold. Very slowly they march down the left side under a green pavilion and then file across in front of the Sultan. The officers salute, but the Sultan does not respond. He is talking to the Dutch Resident.

Another troop follows, preceded by another drum corps. A bugle blast announces the entry of each detachment as well as the drums and gongs. This troop is dressed in blue striped with white, small white aprons, red sashes, black hats, black shoes and white stockings. They carry guns and lances (the lances green and red) and a green flag with a magenta circle in the centre of it.

Troop after troop follows, each one with a different costume, led by officers with much gold braid and decorations upon them, and carrying a different flag for each troop. They make up a brilliant procession, marching slowly, with much dignity of carriage, and producing a rather profound effect. Each detachment with its officers passes before the Sultan, and the officers salute him, but he pays not

JAVA

the slightest attention to them. They file off and march down to the first great square.

Sacred music from the *gamelan* with the green-and-red drums seated on the floor at right. Enters a procession of servants carrying provisions on bamboo poles—great cone-shaped mounds, called *gaenongous*. The provisions are being carried down to the mosque in the great white *aloun-aloun* to be blessed. As the procession passes down into the square a salute of musketry sounds like the ripping of strong linen. The councillors in red seated in front of the Sultan bow low with clasped hands, and thank the Sultan for the provisions. They creep off right and left, not daring to stand upright in the Sultan's presence.

Wine is brought in. Two officials stand in front of the Sultan and bow low. They propose toasts. The first is to the feast at the end of Ramadan, the second to the Queen of Holland, the third to all the friends assembled, and the last is proposed by the Sultan himself to his friend the Dutch Resident. One by one they are drunk without responses.

The troops have returned and are lined up on either side of the Sultan. He makes a slight, impatient gesture of the hand to their commander,

IN JAVA

which might be freely interpreted as "Clear out"! They march away to the inner court to the beat of drums and gongs.

The review is over. The Sultan takes the arm of the Resident and they slowly move away toward the inner court, the Sultan bowing gracefully to the visitors as he passes. All the women and court attendants follow after in no set order. The diplomatic visitors follow into the inner court, where tea and cake are being served. The others go home through a lane of flying pennants—a brilliant show of color to the end.

And altogether a brilliant review. It would bother the heads of European courts ■ devise anything so brilliant and so blazing. Mere fireworks? Why, yes; but even fireworks may be pretty and worth seeing.

PLAY AND DANCE

I did not see the actors and dancers at the Sultan's court in Djokjakarta, but later on at Batavia I had the good fortune to be a guest at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Batavia Society of Arts and Letters, and to that celebration the Sultan of Soerakarta sent his best players and

JAVA

dancers. A gala performance was given by them in the Opera House, and was attended by members of the Society, the Governor-General, many government officials, foreign representatives and society people. It was the same kind of acting and dancing that I had seen elsewhere in Java and the islands, but given with greater skill, finer costuming, better music.

The dance and the play are much alike, and it is not easy to say where the one begins and the other leaves off. They are both of them made up largely of a series of attitudes and plastic poses to the slow beating of the *gamelan* gongs and drums. They are reminders of what is known in the screen world as "slow movies," but the convention was established in the Malay world long years before the invention of the cinema. Language is used in the play and sometimes the story is read from a book before each act, but recitation seems a secondary feature, and many short plays are given with little or no dialogue. The meaning is conveyed by attitude or facial expression.

There is little plot. The tale is generally some simple enough incident, such as two princely contenders for a throne, with a kris dance interpolated.

IN JAVA

One finally kills the other with a bow and arrow. The action is very slow and long, and the emotion of it is wrung out of writhing hands and agitated garments. The legs are stiff and wide apart, but the hands, arms, and heads are in continuous slow movement—especially the hands. They are usually spread in hieratic poses, or shaken with tremors to the finger tips. Much effect of rhythm is obtained by waving and flirting the ends of sashes worn about the hips. Occasionally the final act of a play is a wrestling match, in which the hieratic and the conventional give way to the realistic.

Both the play and the dance are far removed from western ideas of those arts, and a stranger does not comprehend their significance at first blush. But he is very much alive to the physical beauty of the performers. Both men and women have a large majestic grace. When standing quietly they are like splendid models in bronze, and again, when seen in profile they are like the figures of the ancient Egyptians. The long arms and legs, with the hieratic hands, are constant reminders of things seen in the frescoes at Saccarah.*

*The dancing of the *ariapi* (the young concubines of the Sultan) has freer movement and is both graceful and dignified. It requires long training. The general public does not usually see it.

JAVA

The costuming is gorgeous in gilded helmets, short coats, red small clothes, bright *sarongs*, green or orange sashes with long trailing ends. The stuffs are silks and richly patterned batiks. These are enlivened and illumed by many flashing jewels and a number of armlets, bracelets, anklets. The total effect is rather dazzling, but neither tawdry nor barbaric. It is the oriental idea of splendor, and though the stage representation no doubt is somewhat sublimated, it is nevertheless representative and decidedly effective.

The *gamelan* music is a series of repeated notes that mark the time for the players and dancers. It is slow, continuous and, in the end, rather monotonous. It is beaten out of resonant woods and metals by musicians seated on the floor, who never move or smile. There is nothing very subtle about it, but it is fitted to the dance and the play, and is a very necessary part of the whole.

GAROET

On the way up from Djokjakarta to Garoet there are some notable changes in the landscape. At first your train runs beside fields of rice, sugar cane, cassava, groves of cocoanuts, banana, bamboo.

IN JAVA

The country is not different from eastern Java. Then the groves become a little thicker, the fields a little smaller, with many little lakes in which you vainly look for wild fowl. Villages and kampongs are fewer. You are in a less cultivated country and begin to realize that, with all the talk about the density of population in Java, there is still considerable wild land and unbroken forest. The congestion is in the cities and villages of the flat lands on the north coast, not in the highlands and coast lands of the south shore.

The weather in East Java, notwithstanding the prevalence of the northwest monsoon, has been delightful, with much sun and little rain, but now that you begin rising into mountain country there is a change. There are hills and deep ravines, and the rivers run swiftly, carrying in solution much red soil. It may rain little in the flat lands, but up in the mountains a shower, at least, is expected every afternoon during the wet season. It pours for an hour, and drizzles for several hours thereafter. The rain cools the air, and the growing altitude helps the coolness. So you need not be surprised when you reach Garoet in the dark to find it raining, and the thermometer down ten degrees.

JAVA

It may be down to 65° F. when you get out of the automobile at a hotel hanging on a hillside—the Hotel Ngamplang, three thousand feet above sea-level.

NGAMPLANG

You have not seen the town of Garoet, and when you awake in the morning and go out on your terrace for a look at the great valley in its frame of volcanic mountains, you feel as though Garoet, and all the other cities of the world, were not worth the seeing. It is so still you can hear the shrill of every cicada within a mile. Later in the day, with the afternoon shower, there will be a little rustle of wind and rain in the trees, but just now the wide valley is hushed and motionless. What a relief after Djokjakarta, with its clatter and blowing horns, its hot streets, and its ebb and flow of chattering humanity! You breathe deep breaths in the cool mountain air, and feel at peace with all the world.

This wide and long valley, with its volcanic barriers etched against the blue sky of morning, comes nearer to representing Java than the densely populated towns. Its fields and forests bloomed, its

IN JAVA

lakes glittered, its volcanoes awoke and slumbered long centuries before humanity came here to grow rice and sugar. It was from the beginning and it will continue long after humanity has passed away. Volcanoes will not destroy it. A smoking crater on Papandajan around to the left, or a black lava flow on the sides of Goentoer across the valley from you, mean, in the long account of time, little more than a passing thunder shower. Their destroying power was always somewhat limited.

VOLCANOES

This is quite contrary to popular belief. One reads and is told so much about "volcanic origins" that finally one begins to think that all Java was sprouted out of volcanoes, and that, too, since the Dutch occupation. But it is safe to say that Java has always been well founded in igneous and sedimentary rock,* and while hundreds of volcanic eruptions have overlaid most of the surface with volcanic deposits during the long centuries of its

*I believe it is the present theory of geologists that Java was originally composed of volcanic islands, and that the eruptions of the volcanoes cemented and brought together the islands to make the present mainland of Java.

JAVA

existence, yet the volcano is no more responsible for Java itself than the boil on a man's neck is responsible for the man. The boil comparison is not so flippant as it seems. For the volcano is little more than skin deep. It does not reach down into the centre of the earth. And, like the boil, it breaks out, subsides, and perhaps later on breaks out in another spot, but its range is limited and its scars are local. Both the man and the earth recover.

Of course, while the upheavals last, they may prove distressing. Krakatoa in 1883 blew its head off like a firecracker and killed many thousands of people, but topographically the disturbance affected only a small island. The lava stream down the side of Goentoer, when it was sent forth hot in 1868, licked up groves and forests, but to-day, seen at long distance, it is merely a black scar on the mountain side. Papandajan, in 1772, burst its side out and destroyed forty villages and three thousand people. It was rather a large boil, and the scarred crater is to-day said by the people in the valley to be "the biggest in the world." The statement is probably larger than the crater. And I thought only America had the big things, including

IN JAVA

the big talk. But it seems that local pride and the magnificent boast are native in every land.

In the bright sunlight of the morning all these scars and blackenings seem non-existent, and the many volcanoes circling the valley, with Tjikorai, 9,300 feet, the highest of all, seem as dead as so many door-posts. Yet their gaunt ridges seen against the blue make lines of beauty, and their deep-sunk gorges make purple slashes of shadow, and their scars overgrown with forests are now beautiful patches of green on the mountain side. The whole grand circle of the range is very peaceful, very restful, very beautiful this April morning, with the clouds lifting above the peaks, and the mists shrinking away into the upper canyon valleys.

CLOUDS

Clouds! One wonders, with the children, where they all come from. The nimbus trailing across hill and valley, and letting down silver sheets of rain, the cumulus bumping against the peaks or piling in great towers high up on the horizon, the flat stratus that spreads such color splendor at sunset, the wavy, curled and feathered cirrus of the

JAVA

zenith—they are all here. And sometimes you may see them all at one and the same time. There never was such a cloud-breeder as this plain of Garoet, which is continually sending moist air up to the mountain tops to be turned into cloud and rain and brought back to the valley again.

And when the blue sky here is overhead it seems a much higher blue than appears in the temperate zones. The clouds help on this illusion because they form at higher altitudes than, say, in Europe. These different clouds at different altitudes are the stepping stones into upper spaces, and at last, when your eye catches the high cirrus, ten or perhaps fifteen miles up, the blue-beyond becomes a vast depth, a far immensity such as you have never before even imagined.

Fifteen miles of thick atmosphere here, and by comparison, say, only five miles of it in Europe! Does that not account for many appearances in both countries—for the golden green of Java and the blue-green of Norway, for example? When the atmosphere is thick and also deep, only the long and strong rays of the sunbeam—the reds and yellows—can get through and come on down to earth. The millions of blue rays, being short and

IN JAVA

weak, are caught in the web of the upper atmosphere and are turned into that "deep blue sky" we see occasionally in the tropics. When the atmosphere is thin and rather clear—as usually in Norway—these weak blue rays come down to the earth in great numbers and turn everything into blue or blue-green. And so I keep insisting that, generally speaking, the poles are white, the temperate zones gray-blue, and the tropics golden—golden in both light and air.

But all lights and atmospheres and cloud appearances are beautiful wherever seen, and the ones seen here are remarkable only because of their variety. And for the part they play in the landscape. They furnish garmenting for the mountains, bonnets for the higher peaks, loop-holes for the sunshafts, banks of splendor for the dawns and sunsets. A sky without clouds over the great Garoet valley would seem strange indeed. And the clouds form or dissipate as silently as the dawn comes up the east. They are part of the eternal peace that belongs to the air and the upper spaces. Perhaps that is why they are so welcome in this still landscape on this April morning.

JAVA

TREES AND FLOWERS

The trees and flowers—they, too, are part of the hush. They unfold leaf and petal while you look at them, exuding moisture and sometimes heavy perfume, as the frangipani, but it is all a soundless living and growing, a silent development to maturity, and a passing away in silence. They are here for their own glory and happiness. It matters not that the bright hibiscus and the variegated verbena are in every hedge, and are passed unnoticed. Beauty does not need recognition to be beautiful. The little roadside trees, such as the soaren, the mindie, and the melia, that every one walks under and no one looks at, go on putting forth pretty blossoms, and are glad in the sunlight. They can be glad without making a noise.

Some of our own northern flowers are here, but I am not so sure about their happiness. I am told that violets and buttercups grow on the upper reaches of the mountains, and perhaps they are happy, but the garden flowers do not fare so well. The roses and chrysanthemums look scorched, the cosmos and the forget-me-nots get too much rain,

IN JAVA

the dahlias and zinnias blacken on the edges. They have been brought here from foreign parts, like birds in a cage, and continue to exist, but their joy in life is highly problematical. Not so with the tropical growths. The pink hibiscus, ancestor of them all (including the common red one, the little one that grows in the grass, and the waree or true hibiscus), with the yellow *allamanda superba*, the orange bignonia, the red *poinsettia*, the red *acalypha*, flourish magnificently. And neither heat nor drought can wilt the petals of the hedge and grass flowers like the verbenas, the blue commelina, the eight o'clock, and the four o'clock.

There are no primitive forests near Garoet, except possibly around the slopes of long-silent volcanoes. Such forests as now exist in Java are remote and high up. Here on the foot-hills, overlooking the Garoet valley, there are groves of cyprus that perhaps belong in Turkey, groves of bamboo in many varieties, groves of coconut palms, but the forest trees are small, and now stand in mixed clumps, or singly by the roadside, or in the fields. Occasionally a banyan (called locally a waringin) lifts a straight trunk to a great height and spreads beautifully, but fine form in the trop-

JAVA

ical trees is not common, and one must usually accept color or dense foliage in its place.

Perhaps the trees here are more curious than commanding, though one admires the *antidesma* with its straight trunk and ball top, and has eyes for the purple flower of the *lagerstroemia*, as for the little white flower of the *mimosa*. But curiosity centres in the *citrus decumanus*, which bears a fruit not unlike grape fruit; the *kapok* or silk-cotton tree, from which is gathered a cottonlike fibre used in upholstery; the *damar* tree, a conifer with a leaf instead of a needle, and from which resin is obtained; the *bixa orellana* which bears a burr carrying red seeds inside, with which the Dutch color their Edam cheeses. Every growth that serves some human need or purpose seems interesting. Not alone the fields of cassava, from which tapioca is made, and the groves of sago palms, but the betel, the leaves of which are cut up, mixed with tobacco and chewed by the natives.

MORE RICE

In the late afternoon, a sound from a wooden gong comes up from the valley below. It begins with a slow beat and ends with a rapid one, some-

IN JAVA

what like the drumming of the American pheasant, but more resonant. It is from a village mosque, and is sounding the hour, or calling to prayer. Another sound from wood, more continuous and monotonous, and yet sometimes confused with the mosque gong, comes from many quarters. The native women are threshing out the rice in a wooden trough and with a wooden pestle. Rice here, as elsewhere in Java, is king. Other things are grown—maize, sweet potatoes, peanuts, beans, yams. Up on the side of the big volcano, Tjikorai, is the best and biggest tea plantation on earth, and over the southern ridge is a cinchona plantation that produces nine-tenths of the quinine used in the world. Every Dutchman loves to expand on the bulk of that tea and quinine production. If the boast were made that Java grew the best rice in the world no one would question it. It is the simple fact.

Rice is about the only product over which the natives grow sentimental and recite poetry and prayers. They begrudge no labor bestowed upon it, transplanting it stem by stem, harvesting it head by head, threshing it by the handful, and storing it with the greatest care. It grows every-

JAVA

where. Terraces of it rise up the mountain sides like the steps to a mountain cathedral, they round every hollow in the hills like the seats of a Roman amphitheatre, they border every stream in great flights of stairs leading down to the water. Down in the flat valleys the submerged *sawahs* glitter in the sun like vast sunken water gardens. Rice is everywhere, and everywhere the glory of the land.

But there is never any sound coming out of the rice planting that one can hear, and never any rattle of machinery in harvesting. In threshing there is the musical boom of wood on wood—no more. The rice goes on forever, thanks to irrigation, a new planting following close upon harvesting, and side by side are fields in different stages of growth. It is worked harder than the traditional hen, but it does not cackle about it. It just grows up and out of the dark mud, ripens in the sunlight, and perhaps enjoys being eaten by the natives who have reared it so prayerfully. Who knows?

BIRDS

In the early morning before daylight I am listening for the notes of awakening birds, but I hear only the chatter of English sparrows. It seems

IN JAVA

odd that there are so few birds here, and that even these are almost songless. There is heard occasionally a chirp or a squawk, or a scream, but not a song as we know bird song at the north. There is a *kostilan*, a sharp-voiced fly-catcher like a king bird; a *gunting* or scissors-bird with a long tail; a *glatik* (or *gelatik*) with a black cap and a red beak; a *djalak* with yellow beak and legs; a weaver bird that harries the rice fields; a yellow-and-black bird with a whistle somewhat like a Baltimore oriole; white and brown rice birds that are a species of heron; and little brown rice birds that are like reed birds. But there is no real song in any of them.

In a cage back of the hotel is a beo bird (*gracula javanensis*) that furnishes more variety of sound, if not song, than all the other birds put together. He belongs to the crow family, and is a black beauty with yellow legs, an orange-colored beak and orange wattles running down the back of his neck. His owner tells me he has a double larynx which enables him to talk French in a high treble, and Dutch in a deep contralto. At any rate, he speaks both languages in a limited vocabulary, and his voice is that of a ventriloquist. He says "*Bon jour*,

JAVA

madame"! in a nasal French, and follows it at once with "*Een kopje thee, mevrouwe?*" in guttural Dutch. He can scream like a child, and laugh like an idiot. But he cannot sing. The tropics furnish birds of brilliant plumage and we shall have to be content with that, for there is no song in them.

And the Garoet valley furnishes mountain beauty with sunlight and shadow, but there is no sound. It is the stillest, most peaceful spot I have known in Java. Nowadays, peace at any price seems worth the having.

BANDOENG

The situation of Bandoeng, in a great valley-plain surrounded by mountains, is almost ideal. It is high enough to be cool, broad enough to be comparatively dry, and almost every day there is a little breeze, which is so rare in Java that one notices it. The city is old, having been founded by the Sultan Agoeng in 1641, but it is new in recent expansion. It has some hundred thousand inhabitants, ten thousand of them Europeans, and it aspires to be the first city of Java.

Some political affiliations (it is the capital of the

IN JAVA

Preanger Regencies), some military associations, and a rich surrounding country are the factors relied upon for growth. Cinchona and tea are grown extensively and talked about extravagantly. The superior climate is also productive of eloquence. And such wonders as the third largest astronomical observatory, and the biggest radio station in the world, are added argument. All of which sounds somewhat like the talk in Southern California, where the superlative adjective has been so highly cultivated.

Bandoeng has a few busy streets, an attractive *aloun-aloun* or public square, some good parks and avenues, many handsome villas and cottages, and some magnificent waringin trees. There is a start at a great city. But if the citizens think to put forth a substantial and beautiful city they should discourage the construction of such buildings as the new Post and Telegraph building, or such poor little structures as the bank next to it, or the pretentious Concordia Club farther along on the same side of the street.

These buildings are a far echo of a European art movement that developed years ago and was known as the *art nouveau*. The slogan of that

JAVA

movement was "Something New" and the practice of it was to reverse everything that had gone before. A two-storied structure, like the Post and Telegraph building, having always been built with a flat roof and windows in horizontal rows, is here built with a roof like a German helmet, and windows in perpendicular rows; a little bank building that was once made substantial-looking, and picturesque by broad eaves, deep windows, and round entrances is here put up in cubes and triangles, like a child's block house that any one could scatter with a kick; and a club that formerly extended welcome in a broad flight of steps and a capacious entrance, is here set forth with four huge columns that uphold nothing but electric lights and yet serve effectually in cluttering up the steps and making access to the building forbidding.

The Bandoeng people will have to do better than that if they think to lead Batavia and Soerabaya. The roofs in the Chinese quarter, the repeated pinnacles of the large mosque in the great city square, or even the plain common-sense proportions of the Police building around the corner might have suggested better things. The only features that seem to have been taken from the

IN JAVA

Chinese roofs are two chimneys on the Post and Telegraph building that are out of proportion and useless into the bargain.

The inappropriateness of these "new art" buildings to the tropics and tropical conditions seems to have had little or no consideration. The architectural needs (or fads) of Europe are not those of Java. As well send a Javanese architect to Amsterdam to build bamboo huts along the canals as to put a Hollander at work building *jugendo kunst* buildings down here on the plain of Bandoeng. Java should not be converted into another Netherlands; it should be developed as Java. The Dutch government has some very sensible ideas as to what should *not* be done in the matter of making Hollanders out of the Javanese. It thinks the natives should be allowed to develop as natives. Bravo! The idea is excellent. But why not encourage the development of an architecture that is distinctly and peculiarly Javanese? At the least, the government could choke off the official construction of European monstrosities here on Java soil.

Something new? Can that be argued here under the shadow of century-old waringin trees, in a city

JAVA

circled by the beauty of everlasting hills, and under the splendor of the eternal sun, moon and stars? Is there anything wrong with the light in the valley or the shadow on the hills, or the mountain lines or tree forms that you would change them for "something new"? There has yet to be formulated a good excuse for mere novelty. The materials and methods of all the arts have been long established. To throw them out of the window, as each new generation would do, is merely the impetuosity of youth. Free verse, painting without form, architecture without building principles, are, all of them, attempts to do this. But the language of Shakespeare, of Titian, of Ictinus has not been exhausted. There are countless combinations of the old (all that there is in originality) to be made if one has but the gumption to make them.

The buildings I have mentioned are conspicuous because in a prominent place in Bandoeng, but they are not exceptions. The Bragaweg that turns off at right angles to them has many freak shops. The street reminds one mildly of the White Way that goes along with every international exhibition. As advertisement, these stuccoed affairs are explicable, but a substantial city cannot be launched with such

IN JAVA

materials. Farther along up the Bragaweg the pretentious Java Bank, the militant structure opposite to it, and the church building near at hand are larger but no better. The Ursuline Convent facing the park is worth a dozen of them. Bandoeng, in its new growth, has gone up hastily, and perhaps it was to be expected that much of its shop building would be ill-considered and flimsy.

The residences and cottages are, however, very much better than the shops, many of them being quite charming in their settings of flowers, vines, and trees. Out at the far end of Sumatra Straat there are some older governmental buildings that are not very good, but, by comparison with some of the recent business structures, they, at least, have dignity and repose. And one should go out of his way to see a little building on Java Straat—a Children's Home, directed by the Salvation Army—because while it is small and unpretentious, it has good proportions, and is based in common sense. As much may be said for a larger building near by—the Hoogere Burgerschool.

JAVA

THE PASSING THROUG

But the throng in the street enjoys the flashy fronts of the Bragaweg, and the young Dutch probably regard the Post and Telegraph building as very progressive—"up to date" is the common expression—and so a stranger in the land may as well hold his tongue, if he can. The natives in the street are far behind the times and perhaps the stranger can enjoy them. It is an attractive crowd and quite different from the crowd one sees in Soerabaya or Djokjakarta.

For, as already stated, the Madoerese belong in the eastern end of Java, the Soendanese in the western end, and the Javanese are sandwiched in between. The Javanese may be more mixed in blood than the others. At any rate, they seem the feeblest of the lot in physique and mental development. The Soendanese, especially here at Bandoeng, are the most active, the most quick-witted, and the best-looking. They are small, notably the women, but well-rounded in body and face, with rather regular if small features. They do not carry themselves as well as the Balinese, but they stand better and walk better than the Javanese of

IN JAVA

Djokja. And they dress better--that is, in gayer colored *sarongs* and jackets. Instead of blue and brown they are, here, very partial to green, gold, garnet, magenta, with pink and lavender in the jackets, and occasionally a bright scarf or sash.

The streets are always gay with natives coming and going, in twos or threes, on errands usually of no great importance. The market is the lodestone for most of them. They have something to sell or buy, and are born traders. Peddlers of everything under the Java sun move along the thoroughfares with baskets swinging from bamboo poles, and hawkers of fruit are on every corner and curbstone. But one misses the country people coming into town, the buffalo and bullock carts, the carriers of rice, bamboo and green grass in yellow criss-crossed baskets. Bandoeng, while aspiring to metropolitan dignities, is losing much of its rural and native life. This is, no doubt, more progress, but at the cost of fewer pictures and less attractive streets for the traveller.

FREANGER

The Freanger regions are hilly--that is to say, there are high mountain barriers about great valleys, and in the valleys successions of small hills.

JAVA

Cutting through the hills are many rivers, running thick and turbid as the muddy Tiber, many deep and heavy-shadowed gorges, many little valleys with uncultivated hillsides. No good land is lying idle in Java, but much that is stubborn soil still lies in the wild or is given over to cocoanut, banana, and bamboo. Besides this there are small forests that look as though they might hide deer and wild pigs, so dense is the brush. And in the flat valleys some linked lakes that run into rice fields and look as though they might harbor wild ducks. But all the ducks here (and there are many of them) are domestic Indian runners that stand up straight like small penguins and perform evolutions in platoons when frightened.

To-day, with heavy rains, the whole landscape seems awash. Every diked field of rice is full of water to the brim and running over. The bamboo huts are surrounded by water, the native women crowd at the doorways, the dogs, chickens, and goats flatten themselves under the eaves, and out on the roadside the small boy crouches low on his heels under his wide Chinese hat, watching his grazing buffalo. The only color spots on the landscape are the yellow-green squares of young rice

IN JAVA

in the transplanting beds. The rest is a gray-green mist.

As your train winds on toward the west, the country levels down a bit, becomes more civilized-looking, with better fields and more varied plantings, better roads, better houses, better villages and kampongs. This is the older end of Java and shows the influence of the Dutch spreading out from Batavia. There are more Europeans in the streets and towns, and while there is no dearth of the native in the fields, he does not seem to crowd the roads and flood the market-places as in eastern Java. The centre of the native population, judging from superficial appearances, must be east of Djokja; the centre of the European population must be rather close to Batavia. The traveller will possibly think the Batavia-Buitenzorg region the most attractive part of Java, because it is more like that which he has already known. But Java is full of surprises.

BUITENZORG

One has to come to Buitenzorg, and go to the Botanical Garden, to learn the names of the trees. The people in Java who know one tree from an-

JAVA

other by name are few and far between. I ask five natives the same question about the same tree. What is its name? Two out of the five never knew, the other three differ. It is a shade tree, a rain tree, a monkey tree. Your question, if launched at a fair-haired, sunburned Dutchman, is not likely to produce much better results. He smiles and shakes his head. He is in Java to make a little money and has no time to study the trees. So that is why you have to come to Buitenzorg and visit the Botanical Garden. The labels on the trees will carry the names of the different species.

But long before you reach Buitenzorg you may have noticed a change in the trees along the roadway. New specimens are cropping up. There are long avenues of some cyprus, as tall as a Norfolk Island pine, other avenues of thin-stemmed, very tall palms, and still others of some huge poplars that you cannot place. That tree with the geranium-red flower at the top shows more frequently, and perhaps for the first time you see the rows of trees in a rubber plantation. At Bandoeng there were huge rubber trees in the little park near the Ursuline Convent, but here is the commercial rubber in young trees, planted twenty feet apart.

IN JAVA

There seems a thickening of foliage at this end of Java, as though climate or soil, or both, were better fitted for trees here than elsewhere. Such is the actual fact. West Java has denser rain-forests, greater variety, and thicker growths than east Java.

THE BOTANICAL GARDEN

But when we arrive at the Botanical Garden and look for labels and names, we find we have taken too much for granted. There are labels on the trees, but the names are in Latin only. There is no Javanese, Malay, Dutch, or English equivalent, no common name given. *Ficus elastica* stares us in the face, but there is no hint that this is our old acquaintance the rubber tree. The botanist wishes it understood that the tree belongs to the fig family in his classification, though perhaps you do not care for that information. The *Araucaria Cunninghamii* is a tall conifer that you wonder over as to just what kind of a tree it is, but the important thing about it, you must know, is that it was discovered by the great Cunningham, whose name it will have to bear to the end of time. And the *Eucalyptus globulus* with the *Cassipouira coriaria* are

JAVA

just the blue gum and the sumach, trying their best to live up to their Latin titles.

You are perhaps a little irritated, because this is quite as bad as the native identification of trees as shade or monkey trees. Neither the scientific nor the native designation explains much to the visitor. You perhaps feel that the Botanical Gardens throughout the world were intended for the public, as well as for the scientist, and that there is no good reason why the common name of a tree should not go on the label along with the botanical name. And you are quite right. There is reason in using Latin terminology because it is the only one that does not vary with the place and the people, but there is also reason in calling an oak an oak, and an elm an elm, or using the Dutch or Javanese equivalent here in Java, if you please. The war-*ingin* tree is so known and so called throughout Java, and ■ label it as a *ficus* with no hint of the common name is merely to confuse or disappoint people—confuse or disappoint them unnecessarily.

BOTANICAL LATIN

Besides, the botanical Latin is of no practical use outside of scientific circles. You cannot talk

IN JAVA

or write it in every-day life. If you continue to use *tectona grandis* when you mean the ordinary teak, you will presently be set down as a pedantic nuisance; and to ask your gardener about the *Helianthus annuus* when you mean a common sunflower; or to beg your waiter for a *solanum tuberosum* when you want just a plain Irish potato is to label yourself a solemn ass. Whether you like it or not, you must write and talk the language of the plain, if stupid, people.

But the Latin condition confronts one in the gardens at Buitenzorg. It is Latin or nothing. For the moment, while you are trying to smother irritation and become hardened to the condition, you may drop into a comfortable bench and with Bert Taylor

"Meditate on interstellar spaces
And smoke a mild cigar."

It is useless to quarrel with the modern scientist. He does not recognize your existence.

It is deliciously cool here in the Garden under this great avenue of kanari trees. What magnificent trees they are! And what difference does it really make how you name them or what language

JAVA

you invoke. Down further in the Garden to the right are some fine specimens of a tall straight-stemmed tree, so tall that it is buttressed with roots above and below ground to give it stability. It is named *Palaquium Sumatranum*, but would it not be just as beautiful if it came out of India ticketed in Sanscrit as now out of Sumatra Latinized and duly botanized?

Why worry about language and terminology when all the world about you is trembling with life and beauty? Yes; the *Nelumbium nelumbo* is the pink lotus, but whether identical with the pretty pink flower floating on the near-by pond will never be known from the label. Yet there is the flower opening in the sunlight. Why not look at it as a pretty spot of color on a brown water mirror and let it go at that? You will get no more than that out of the huge *Victoria regia* which you may see in a pond behind the Governor's palace—that is, if you can find your way there.

So, while your visit to the Garden will establish few identities, it may, nevertheless, reveal many heretofore unknown beauties. The trees here grow under more favorable conditions than in the forests. There is little crowding for room, or

IN JAVA

blanketing with shade, or struggling for food and moisture. The result is the magnificent development in trunk, branch and foliage of such trees as the *Alstonia*, the *Trewoia nudiflora*, the *Xanthophyllum excelsum*, the *Dipterocarpus retusus*, the *Shorea meranti*, and the fine group of *Agathi*.

PARASITES

Along the great central avenue of the Garden you will find the kanari trees wound and garlanded with creeping vines, lianas, air plants, parasites. These are not all of them native to Java. Many of them have been imported from tropical America. No doubt, specimens of them were thought desirable for study here. They are usually regarded as pests in the Brazilian, Panaman and West Indian forests. The trees of west Java are fortunately not greatly harried by lianas and parasites. Elsewhere in this Botanical Garden the tree trunks are clean and smooth in bark, and a delight to look upon. This condition measurably obtains throughout the islands. The forests are not such dense tangles as in Brazil, and trees have a chance to come to full development.

Of course, there are exceptions. You cannot

JAVA

have great rain and heat without some jungle. And even in the comparative open, the trees struggle for existence with their neighbors, or fight off enemies, or set up defense barriers. Almost all tropical trees have great exhaust of moisture through their leaves and are therefore well supplied with roots below ground and buttresses and extra roots above ground that are continually pumping for them. My botanical friends tell me that the heavy buttressing at the base of trees is merely a putting forth of extra footing for stability and not for extra feeding. But if the plant has intelligence enough to put forth an extra footing to stand upon, why has it not enough intelligence to put forth extra roots to pick up food and moisture?

INTELLIGENCE OF PLANTS

The intelligence of plants is still a matter of dispute in botanical and scientific circles. But a layman may venture to think that trees do not grow thickened barks and water reservoirs and pungent odors and shellacked foliage without motives, nor do they send their roots in search of moisture and their branches in search of light without an unerr-

IN JAVA

ing instinct that is at least akin to intelligence. The keenness of the intelligence or instinct is sharpened among trees struggling under native forest conditions, but even here in the Garden, where they are nurtured and protected, they still hark back to primitive functionings and put out safeguards and defenses.

These trees bear flowers in season, but evidently this (April) is not their time, for there is little bright color in the Garden. The orange flower of the Borneo *saraca* shows across one of the lawns, the great red bunch flower of the *Brownea grandiceps* is to be found in a distant end of the Garden, and the white flower of the *Eugenia* shows faintly along a lower stream. At the left of the entrance gate, on the outside, is a tree with a red compound-ed lily flower, but this tree has no label upon it in any language, either sacred or profane. Also there are in the Garden half a dozen examples of that tree with the geranium-red flower—the most conspicuous tree just now in Java—but there are no labels on any of them, nor on a bright yellow acacia that shows in several places. Apparently all the labels were used up on the parasites and fungi.

JAVA

BLOSSOM AND FLOWER

And just now there is a noticeable absence of warmth in the foliage of the trees. The color is a cold dark green. This is doubtless the result of much rain. When the dry season comes on the leaves will probably turn to a golden-green, which seems the more normal coloring of tropical vegetation. Still, there is always a good deal of shadowed green in the tropics and not near so much of bright blossom and flower as the average writer on the tropics thinks he sees. There are bright flowers, to be sure, and many blossoms on the trees are really brilliant, but there is not the great quantity of them that people in the temperate zone imagine. The wild verbena on the California deserts, or the goldenrod on the New Jersey hillside, can outglow any field in Java, and the autumn foliage of the Catskills in brilliant coloring has no counterpart or equal in the tropics. But the tropical foliage has a beauty of its own, and is sufficient unto itself—especially here in the Botanical Garden

And so, with all our petty exceptions and objections duly recorded, the Garden still remains quite magnificent—too wonderful to be idly talked

IN JAVA

about and hurriedly dismissed in a few pages of a traveller's notes. Its extent and representation are extraordinary, and its arrangement and classification, notwithstanding its exclusively scientific cataloguing, are excellent. The administration has offices on the ground, where visitors can get information in almost any language, except Latin, and opposite the palace is a small but very good scientific library, where books about the trees are obtainable, again in almost any modern language.

MUSEUMS

In the grounds of the Botanical Garden, near the entrance, there is a Zoological Museum where stuffed birds and animals representative of the island are arranged and scientifically classified. One is perhaps surprised at the number and variety of the animals, because in travelling through Java one seldom sees so much as a rat, a mongoose or a squirrel, and hears of tigers and elephants only in a far-off tale coming down from distant mountains.

Tigers are still being caught in heavy wooden traps up in Sumatra and carted off to zoological gardens in Europe. Failing the garden market,

JAVA

the native traps the tiger for his skin, taking him (in the trap) down to a river and drowning him so as not to injure the skin—or his own. And elephants are still occasionally shot by big-game hunters in Sumatra for no good reason at all. But the traveller sees nothing of either tigers or elephants; he sees nothing of tapirs, pigs, crocodiles, turtles, or big lizards. About the only lizard he sees is the little *tytyak* that creeps along the ceiling of his bedroom, licking up flies and mosquitoes. And the only snakes he will encounter are stuffed, or bottled in alcohol, in the museums here or elsewhere. Java is too thickly populated for wild animals to exist, except on the far-mountain outskirts.

This can almost as truthfully be said of the birds. At least about many of the birds shown in this museum. For the traveller they are nearly as extinct as the dodo. Cassowaries, hornbills, toucans, birds of paradise are very scarce in the life. But they are amazing even when dead and stuffed. And it is surprising to find dozens of varieties of kingfishers, some in brilliant plumages that might put the parrots and toucans out of countenance; with many varieties of honey-eaters taking the place of humming-birds.

IN JAVA

The predatory eagles, hawks and owls are rather superseded by the great number of bats. There are some two hundred species in Java with the flying fox, the largest of them, in the lead. He is seen quite frequently about banana plantations, but is not a vampire and does not bite people's toes when they are asleep. He is a fruit-eater and bites so many bananas that he is considered a pest. The natives kill them and hang them on the telegraph wires—that is, if they do not eat them. They are said to be fine-flavored and very palatable.

There are specimens of all the bats in the Buitenzorg Museum, but probably the only ones the traveller will see in the life circle around the electric lights on the streets catching bugs and flies. They are very expert at this, and seem to have an insatiable appetite. Last night, under an archway of the hotel where a light was burning, a dozen bats in whirlwind formation were catching flies for hours without cessation. Up on the ceiling were half a dozen lizards licking up any of the flies that had wandered from the light, and down below on the ground were five toads of different sizes that were absorbing any that might drop down there from too much heat. The flies seemed to be

JAVA

raked from every quarter, with no power of retaliation.

STREETS AND MARKETS

Buitenzorg is an attractive place, with shady streets, excellent markets, good houses, and some notable public buildings. Bandoeng, that hopes to supersede both this place and Batavia, might profitably pattern after some of the old Dutch buildings here, or, if it insists upon "something new" it might study such good structures as those of the laboratories in the Botanical Garden, or across from the entrance, the new Departement van Landbouw building. This last named seems a successful attempt to meet climatic conditions and still retain a semblance of good architecture.

One of the largest and most important examples of the early Dutch is the Governor's palace in the Botanical Garden. It is somewhat ruffled by later additions, but still maintains a dignity and repose which so much of the late Dutch notably lacks. The old church, now turned into a Telegraph Office, with its four white pillars (which, it will be noticed, uphold the roof instead of electric lights), has the same solidity and sobriety. Many of the

IN JAVA

old cottages throughout the city streets and avenues have, in a small way, similar qualities, and with age and vines they are now not only architectural, but quaintly picturesque.

CHINESE AND NATIVE

In a different vein the Chinese quarter will furnish a hint of good taste in porches, doorways, windows, roofs. Many residences of the well-to-do Chinese show entrances, panellings, window traceries, gold letterings that are highly decorative. The Chinese temple here has little except the roof that is attractive, but down the long street that runs through the quarter one can see odds and ends of pattern and color that suggest the Chinese traditions of art and decoration still hold here, notwithstanding many years of absence from the native land.

The Chinese throughout all Java are above the native in intelligence. They are more receptive, more active. They not only know how to trade and barter better than any of the natives or foreigners, but they have better taste, can design and build and decorate better. And the Chinese women know how to dress better, that is, with more

JAVA

distinction and refinement, than the native women. There is an air of age-old culture about them even in poverty to which the native cannot pretend. The Chinese tradition is behind them, while behind the native there is only a mixed tale coming out of India mingling with a crude tale that was here in Java—a combination producing a revel of color without subtlety or great significance.

You can determine this for yourself almost any day on the streets of Buitenzorg, though this is perhaps not the best place to make a comparison. The city is too near Batavia and the white man's end of Java. The natives here have followed white example and many of them have discarded the *sarong* for European costume or some American fashion. The streets are not near so colorful as in the cities of middle or eastern Java.

Still you will see many native women wearing bright *sarongs* with pink or green or garnet jackets. They look very well and are attractive as color spots, but if you go to the big garden in the late afternoon and see the Chinese women walking there you will notice, by the color pattern of the *sarongs* alone, the striking difference between their notion of color and that of the natives.

IN JAVA

BUITENZORG TYPES

But, as I have said, Buitenzorg does not show the native to the best advantage. Nor in the greatest numbers. The traveller will find the real Java farther east. Still the type here of the Soendanese is physically and mentally at its best. The men are sturdy, good-looking, good-natured, while many of the women have pretty faces and figures, walk well, smile easily at almost any trivial thing, and like gay colors. They are quite all right, but after Soerabaya or Djokja they seem less colorful and perhaps less considerable.

The Botanical Garden, the market, the Chinese quarter, the Hotel Bellevue and Salak, the volcano back of it, are far from being the whole story of Buitenzorg. The fine deer park, with its open spaces, is very attractive after all the great groups of trees in avenue and garden. The driveway along the river the parkways and lanes, the gardens with shrubs and flowers, the pretty cottages and villas are all indicative of good sense, a recognition of tropical conditions, a love of peace and order. Even before the houses were built it seems that the trees were planted. Every street has its

JAVA

great patches of shade broken by patches of light and color. The town building here as elsewhere has been very well done, and the people who have done it are the Dutch.

THE DUTCH

It is hardly worth while hemming over some minor errors in the Dutch administration of Java and the islands. The fact is that the Netherland East Indies are well managed, better managed than any colonies elsewhere on the map. The American administration of insular possessions may approximate that of the Dutch in efficiency, but it is carried on at a financial loss. The Dutch are indirectly making money out of Java, but they are letting the natives make money, too. Moreover, they are putting back into the country millions in development. They are trying to establish a just and equable government and a prosperous colony. To that end they are confirming the land rights of the natives, introducing improved methods of irrigation and husbandry, conserving the forests, establishing native schools and universities, building cities, roads and bridges, opening up new transportation routes, and doing a thousand and one

IN JAVA

things looking to the betterment of town and country. The result is the natives are well fed, well housed and dressed, look happy, seem contented. And Java is a joy to the traveller, the most delightful of all the tropical countries. The Dutch must receive the credit for much of this. Why not say so without reservation?

And the Dutchman in Java is a very gentlemanly person. He is intelligent, polite, good-natured, thoroughly well-disposed. Of course, in business he charges you a round price and a little more. He may get the odd florin out of you. But is that not true of all business people everywhere? And the Dutchman generally gives you a substantial something in return. The traveller who deals with him only in the matter of hotels, trains and cabs, I am sure has no reason for complaint. And as for hospitality and helpfulness in making your stay here pleasant no one could be more kindly and efficient than the Dutchman. He is a courteous host. Why not say so without reservation?

BATAVIA

This is the capital of the islands, and the first city of Java now, as it was in the early days. An

JAVA

English skipper, Woodes Rogers, spoke of it in 1710 as "a noble city." Even then the Dutch meant to do well by the islands, and began by building permanently. But they had a long and rather bloody experience in government which need not be recited here. Suffice it to say that they learned something by experience and profited by adversity. To-day the city—the whole colony—seems securely based and is enjoying prosperity. What is more to my immediate purpose, the city, if not exactly "a noble city," has still some streets, drives, parks, and buildings that are well worth seeing.

The city has grown (rather than been laid out or planned) along the Molenvliet, a mill stream derived from the Tjiliwong River. Building along the banks of a stream was probably the easiest and most convenient thing to do. The stream has since been banked up with masonry, and the chief thoroughfare of the town now runs on either side of it. The builders being Amsterdam Dutch, one would naturally expect them to produce a canal effect. They did. And in doing it they also produced a picturesque effect for which every one may be thankful. The chief hotels and many fine old

IN JAVA

buildings, deep set in groves of trees and beds of flowers, face the Molenvliet.

WELTEVREDEN

Weltevreden is merely the uptown overflow of Batavia, just as to-day the residence districts about and beyond the Koningsplein are the push-out of Weltevreden. Wherever the city has grown it has taken with it (or found there) trees, lawns and flowers. It is a hot city, though it has more breeze than I have found elsewhere in the islands, but it is a green city. You can always get in the shade. The trees along the residence streets, and in parks like the Wilhelmina Park, are often magnificent in spread of foliage. The banyans, samans, and tamarinds are old beyond the memory of any one living. The lawns must have been easily grown, for they are everywhere, and the flowers are merely the high lights of color upon them. It is bright color almost always. The parks blaze with hibiscus, oleander, poinsettia, canna; and the hedges and cottage porches are spread with allamanda and bougainvillea. They are common enough flowers here in Java, but none the less beautiful because there are many of them.

JAVA

Some of the parks are disturbed by sculpture. The huge Victory in the Wilhelmina Park is neither great as sculpture, nor good as garden ornament. The old fort near by, now used as an arsenal, is a better item in the landscape. The Waterloo-plein is not improved by the little green monument on the one side, or the heroic statue of Coen on the other side. The white Waterloo column in the middle of the open space is better because without pretense of any kind. But a monument is always a peril, always a gamble as to whether it will turn out a beauty or a terror.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

One might say as much of public buildings. Every city has its shocker. In the past Batavia perhaps builded better than it knew. Even in the present it is carrying on better than, say, Bandoeng or Soerabaya. I am not committed to the notion that all old buildings are good, and all new ones bad. The old masters excelled not because they were old, but because they were masters. But there were always more bad old masters than good ones. Here in Batavia some of the early work was good, but not all of it, by any means. The

IN JAVA

Town Hall, built in 1710, still stands and is no better to-day than when originally put up. It was never good architecture. The windows are too large, the pediment too small, and the cupola a little out of proportion. But it looks fairly well facing its square, with a dogged determined bulge about it.

So, too, with the large classical building on the left of the Town Hall, now used as a court of justice. It is merely an old and rather ponderous structure. Europe has a plenty of just such buildings. And every little North German city has an arch or military portal like the Penang Gate put up in 1671 as part of the walls of Batavia, but now standing by itself, cut off and isolated. It is not remarkable in any way. The very old buildings of Batavia were, all of them, perhaps a little heavy and commonplace.

But those that came a little later were much better. The so-called "White House" on the Waterlooplein, originally designed for a governor-general's palace but never so used, has good proportions, and were it not for the roof railing, which hurts the upper part of the building, it would present a commanding front. It was well planned

JAVA

and is to-day one of the notable old buildings of the city. The court of justice on the left of the White House (the one with six columns at the entrance) is again well planned and carried out. It has repose without being heavy or stodgy like the Masonic building next to it. On the right of the White House is the more modern and very good Concordia Club.

Of the larger buildings, the Governor-General's palace on the Koningsplein North is far away in the lead. It is the best of all—the most satisfactory building in the city, or for that matter in Java. It was well planned and well placed, and to-day, in its setting of trees and flat lawn, it has dignity, repose, simplicity, mass, proportion,—almost all the qualities of good architecture. The city may well be proud of it.

And yet there are a number of other moderately old buildings—smaller, to be sure—that are to be admired without reservation, for their good façades or just proportions, or effective simplicity. They are to be found along the Rijswyck, or down the Molenvliet, and are more or less like the Rijswyck entrance of the Governor-General's palace (which I at first took for a separate building), or

IN JAVA

the court building only a few steps beyond it. They are not pretentious, but, on the contrary, simple, just and right—quite in a class with the large building of the Harmonie Club on the corner of the Rijswyck.

I do not know how new or old is the building, on the Koningsplein North, of the Departement van Binnenlandsche Bestuur, but it has a handsome façade that might be profitably studied by some of the modern architects. I doubt not the whole building is well adapted to the tropics and is as useful as it is good-looking. The huge Telephone building opposite to it is not so elegant, but it is probably fitted to its uses and, at least, does not affront one with its exterior. The new Post and Telegraph building in part, the Princess Juliana School, the Mulo School, the School tot opleiding van Indische Artsen, the new classical Museum building are all rightly planned and each one adds its quota in making up the handsome city of Batavia-Weltevreden.

NATIONALITIES

It will be understood, however, that all this architecture represents only Dutch Batavia or

JAVA

Weltevreden. There is a Chinese Batavia with its temples and houses, its gilded fronts and decorated roofs, that tells another story, one that the traveller should know, for it reflects Chinese tradition and is full of distinction and charm. There are also quarters of the Arabs, British Indians, and other foreigners of less importance, a fine outer suburb to Weltevreden, with many handsome cottages of the European contingent, and, scattered throughout the city and suburbs, many kampongs and houses of the natives.

But one quickly gathers the impression that Batavia is a cosmopolitan place, and that the Dutch and Europeans are the dominant element in the city. The Chinese have perhaps changed a little, but the native has been greatly influenced by the foreign legion, especially in the matter of dress. Many of them have put on European garb, or tropical white, or worse yet, have fallen into the American pyjama. The *sarong* is still seen, but not so frequently as elsewhere in the island. Gay color has given place largely to white or dark blue or brown, and the streets are sombre compared with, say, Soerabaya.

The native, too, has changed his manners with

IN JAVA

his clothes, and is not now so naïve, so deferential, as his fellows back in the country. He has become a little too clever after the manner of city folk, is sometimes too facile, too flippant, too impudent. Prosperity has improved neither his manners nor his morals. It never does with any class or any race. As for the native women of Batavia, they still wash themselves and their garments in the Molenvliet, and perhaps have not greatly changed. Prosperity would come to them last, if at all. But they are not gay. When they bathed in the mountain brooks and rubbed their clothes on the brook boulders perhaps they were happier than now when they stand on cement steps and beat their clothes against cement walls.

Batavia is by all odds the finest city in Java. But it is not Java, any more than New York is the United States. It represents the foreign element in the island better than the native, and what you may hear of Javanese ideals and aspirations in its clubs is not what is talked under the bamboo fronds of the *dessa* and beside the rice terraces of the uplands. That is no matter for regret, since cities are necessary dynamos of power in modern life, but the traveller should recognize that the city is not

JAVA

the country. The traveller who stops off a day or so from a steamer to "do" Batavia and Buitenzorg is still a long way from Java and its people.

JAVA THE BEAUTIFUL

JAVA is the garden spot of all the tropics. Nothing near it or beyond it is comparable to it in charm and beauty. Even the West Indies, with all the color glory of the cobalt Caribbean, are not so well endowed. Moreover, one cannot easily dissociate a land from a people, and the black people of the West Indies are steeped in poverty and distress. You cannot get away from the thought that the blacks there have not enough to eat, and are really worse off than when in slavery. That grays one's outlook. But Java is well-fed and apparently content. One might even say it is happy, judging from surface appearances. Of course, there are agitators here, as elsewhere, who would change the administration, but they cannot urge either want or misrule as a cause. There never was a paradise but some one thought he could better it.

Java was a paradise before Adam and Eve and the Serpent. It remains so to this day, though tenanted by millions of natives and not a few serpents.

IN JAVA

I am not sure that the millions have not, perhaps unconsciously, beautified their heritage. Their groves of palm, and fields of cane, and terraces of rice are not blemishes but beauty spots on the landscape, and their thatched huts are as much a part of the bamboo grove as the hanging nests of the weaver birds are of a tamarind tree. But quite aside from humanity, the great flat plains, the upland valleys with their rushing rivers, the high mountains belted with forests must always have been beautiful. A tropical sun and a mellow light have always been spreading a golden color. And the luxuriance of life must have been from the beginning. May it always remain! Java is too beautiful to perish.

SABANG

This is the Lands End of the Dutch East Indies, the final stopping place, where the steamers take on coal before heading out for Colombo and Suez. It lies on the far western point of Sumatra, on the island of Poeloe-Weh, and the bay of Sabang is a pretty pocket in the hills, just as pretty and romantic as the harbor of Laboean Tring in the island of Lombok at the eastern end of the Dutch

JAVA

possessions. But Laboean Tring is barbaric, not to say savage, while Sabang seems very much civilized. It is a small place, but with a handsome water street filled with attractive shops, and shaded on both sides by handsome trees. Back of this lies the hill district, with roads following the circle of the bay, with trees and lawns and flowers, with pretty cottages and villas, with a view of the bay on one side and a view of the vast Indian Ocean on the other. Back of the town, and far up the mountain side, there reaches a great grove of coconut palms.

This is a *bonne bouche* in parting. It is so good, so fine a fillip to the taste, that one does not want to go. One sits on a bench on the brow of the hill overlooking the bay, and sadly wonders if he will ever look upon its like again, if there is such another bay, if any portion of the tropics, in any longitude, is the equal of this. But the wind is in the palm fronds on the hill, and the long fingers of the fronds are streaming to the northwest, pointing the way across the Indian Ocean to Europe. We must go.

The coconut palm! For all that it is so common and has been made banal by advertisement, it

IN JAVA

is still the most picturesque tree of the tropics. It catches the eye in every landscape, and in memory is the centre of every scene. By the fireside in our northern home we see it of winter nights—see it with fronds gently swaying in the sunlight, or spread motionless under the moonlight. Man has found it useful in commerce, but God made it as well for beauty, and we poor singers of an empty day love it for remembrance. It is the catch-point of memory in the tropics and by its aid Java and the islands and all the harbors of their shining seas come back to us.

The wind gently ripples the out-spread Indian Ocean, and the setting sun has laid a golden bridge across the ripples. There lies our way. The palm fronds on the mountain side are streaming westward, waving toward the golden bridge and the setting sun. We must go.

